

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Second Visit to Greece, including Facts connected with the Last Days of Lord Byron, Extracts from Correspondence, Official Documents, &c. By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq. author of *The Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution, &c.* 8vo. pp. 342. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE cause in which Byron perished, and which has for its object the rescuing a Christian people from the odious and besotting tyranny of the Turks, can never fail of exciting interest among Britons. Such is the cause of Greece, and yet neither the ardour manifested nor the support given to the Greeks has been at all adequate,—at least, to our expectations. To what cause this is to be attributed we know not, unless it is that the revolution in Spain and the attempted revolutions in Naples and Sardinia have terminated so woefully. With Greece, however, the case is very different—there we have seen a gallant people without resources, unacquainted with the principles of union or even combination, and in spite of civil dissensions, successfully shaking off the domination of Turkey, defeating her armies, and annihilating her navies. History, perhaps, scarcely records more striking traits of heroism than the Greeks have displayed during this war of revolution. Thermopylae has been distinguished by new triumphs; while at sea the Greeks have shown instances of successful daring, that have not been surpassed even in the British navy, in which to go forth and to conquer are almost synonymous terms. The Greeks have, however, still much to do. That they will never return under the yoke of the Ottomans, we feel assured; although they are threatened with another and a formidable campaign: some of the rapacious leaders, who took an active share in the revolution, have been raising dissensions, and the government is by no means well provided with the sinews of war—money. The last, we trust, will be provided either in the way of loan or subsidy. An energetic appeal to the people of England could not fail of producing much. Surely, the men who have given their hundreds or their thousands to an individual, or to an institution of a limited nature, would not be less liberal to emancipate a brave people, where, perhaps, every shilling would rescue a whole family from a degrading and barbarous tyranny. Neutrality is, no doubt, the interest of our government, until such general arrangement shall be made among the powers of Europe, as shall guarantee the independence of Greece: individual effort may, however, do much; and, as public opinion is decidedly in favour of the Greek

cause, an appeal in its behalf could scarcely fail of success: but we are talking of Greece and forgetting Mr. Blaquiere, who, somewhat less than twelve months ago, gave us a volume on this subject.

This gentleman is a sort of amateur in revolutions: we know he has been very active in those of Spain and Greece, and we have his own authority for stating, that he exerted himself 'to promote the cause of freedom and humanity in the new world.' This will of course be deemed an unpardonable offence, by the members of that unlawful combination or conspiracy yecept the Holy Alliance; but it is but due to Mr. Blaquiere to say, that all these revolutions are legitimate in their objects, and that their success would have been advantageous to the sacred cause of liberty.

Mr. Blaquiere is, we are convinced, a sincere friend to the liberty of Greece: he is, however, not blind to the injurious effects of those dissensions which distract the Morea, and calls on the sovereigns of Europe to interfere, and thinks that a well-regulated monarchy, sanctioned by those powers, would be a blessing to Greece. The question, however, is, who shall be that sovereign? None of her native princes or chieftains seem to be sufficiently popular to be raised to that honour, without exciting much jealousy; and, although there is scarcely one of the allied powers that could not spare a prince or two for the purpose; yet it is doubtful that they will agree as to the choice of the individual. These difficulties ought not, however, to deter the cabinets of Europe from interfering to put an end to the war of extermination now waging in the Morea.

The first part of Mr. Blaquiere's work consists of a personal narrative of his several journeys in Greece, statistical details, observations, &c.; he points out the difficulties the Greek government has had to encounter, owing to the want of money occasioned by the detention, at Zante, of a portion of the English loan, and still more so from the factions of the Greek chiefs. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Blaquiere relates many little incidents, illustrative of the manners and habits of the Greeks. The following is the account he gives of his entertainment at the convent of St. Eleusis, where he remained a night:—

'Supper was announced soon after ten o'clock; it was served in a room adjoining the balcony, and consisted of the usual dishes of pilaf, a capital preparation of rice and fowls well spiced, boiled mutton and *paramaisto*, or, in plain English, a lamb roasted whole, stuffed with a variety of ingredients, among which almonds, raisins, rice, and gar-

lic, were the most predominant. This is indeed considered by many good judges as one of the greatest luxuries furnished by the culinary art, either in Greece or any other country. Though the wine was strongly impregnated with rosin, a practice continued from the earliest ages by the Greeks, it did not prevent us from drinking many bumpers, as well to the cause of the cross, as to its friends and supporters all over the world.'

'In giving an account of the modern Greek repasts, I ought not to omit noticing the practice of consulting the blade-bone of the victim, which, being divested of the flesh, is handed round and examined by each of the party, who decide the fate of the campaign according to the marks they happen to discover on this novel source of divination.'

At Gastrouni, Mr. Blaquiere paid a visit to the heroine of Mistras, Costanza Zacari, whom he found at the door of her cottage playing with a child. Costanza encountered all the privations and fatigues of two campaigns, and was present in several engagements under the walls of Patras, where she was severely wounded for the second time. Costanza excited great enthusiasm among the soldiery, and was always the foremost in battle, although she is of a slight and delicate frame, and has not yet attained her twentieth year. The dissensions among the Greek chiefs, some of whom wished to perpetuate anarchy, in order to enrich themselves by plunder, are feelingly deplored by Mr. Blaquiere: but even one man was drawn into the conspiracy, who was free from such motives; this was Nikitas, the nephew of the rebel Colocotroni:

'The disinterested conduct and generous ardour shown by Nikitas, in the early stages of the revolution, gave rise to his being called the modern Aristides. Many traits which are related of him seem to justify this high honour, while his bravery in the field has given him the appellation of *Turcophagus*. Nikitas is perhaps the only captain who has abstained from participating in any of the rich booty made during the war. His only trophies are the arms which he may have taken from a fallen enemy: but even these have, on more than one occasion, been offered to the government in lieu of a subscription to the wants of the state. I shall only cite a single fact connected with this subject, and which occurred a short time previous to my first visit to the Morea. Having heard that the Turkish fleet was out, and threatening various points of the confederation, while that of his own country could not sail for want of funds, Nikitas sent a magnificently mounted sabre, which he had taken from the Pacha of Drama a few months before, to the Primates of Hydra, begging they would dispose of it,

and appropriate the money in aid of sending out the fleet. This generous trait produced effects which were but little contemplated by the donor. It electrified the Hydriotes; a subscription was immediately commenced; and the fleet sailed in a few days. Nikitas had probably forgotten an act which placed him on a level with the most celebrated hero of Greece, in her best days, when a messenger arrived with a letter from the Primates, in which, after expressing their gratitude for his late proof of patriotism and public virtue, also adding that their fleet was at sea, they requested he would take back his sword, as it could not be wielded by a braver soldier or more generous patriot!

While at Messolonghi, Mr. Blaquiere witnessed the *pyria*, or fishing by fire, which is noticed by the earliest historians of Greece. Mr. B. accompanied Prince Marrocorde on board one of two canoes, about thirty feet long, on the extensive lake in front of the town:—

‘On the canoes being put off from the shore, I observed that, besides the gondolier at the stern, there was another man close to the prow, busily occupied in placing some dry chips in an iron cramp, that extended about eighteen inches from the prow; he soon after applied a torch to these, which immediately burst forth into a brilliant blaze. This was the signal for commencing, and, in a moment more, I saw him stand on the very end of the prow, with a long trident raised in both hands, and ready to strike his prey. The canoe was now set forward with increased velocity, when, instead of being displaced from his position, the trident-bearer not only remained, but began to use the instrument of death, and seldom drew it back without bringing up a large carp or bream, which he safely deposited in the canoe without ever moving from his place. On looking over the side, the water seemed teeming with the finny tribe, of which an infinite variety were darting under and about the boat in every direction. Whenever the blaze slackened, it was renewed by a fresh supply of chips. As we advanced towards the centre of the lagoon, there were above fifty boats employed in the same way as ourselves; nor would it be easy to describe the singularly pleasing effect produced by the canoes darting across each other, while some seemed to be running a race, and came so near, that we could often touch them as they glided past us. The darkness of the night added greatly to the general effect of this novel and interesting scene. On returning, after being out little more than two hours, we found that the quantity of fish taken weighed above forty pounds; a few of these being selected for supper, the rest became the property of the boatmen.’

Mr. Blaquiere visited all the places most celebrated in Greece for the events of the war, and bears testimony to the sanguinary nature of the conflict: the beach of Corinth was strewn with human bones and skulls; and, from the best information, it appears that the Turks lost 10,000 men in the neighbourhood of Corinth alone. Mr. B., at Corinth, was accompanied by the late Lord

Charles Murray, and they agreed to visit the Temple of Neptune:—

‘The temple is finely situated, and commands a view of the gulf, extending beyond Salona on the north, and to Sycion on the west. There are not more than seven of the columns standing, and only five entire. The order is Doric, and composed of fell-stone, which has suffered greatly from the ravages of time. There are numerous other ruins seen in different parts of the town, but all in a state of undistinguishable dilapidation. While going over them, Lord Charles observed on the singularity of there not being one solitary pillar of the most elegant architectural order, on the very spot whence it derives its name, and in which, as Dryden says—

“All below is strength, and all above is grace!”

‘I replied that, by a scarcely less singular coincidence, the same observation applied to the raisins of Corinth, as we saw no appearance of vineyards, the whole of its extensive plain being either sown with corn, or covered by olive plantations, which extend for some miles on the western side of the town.’

Mr. Blaquiere, in his account of the Turkish massacre at Ipsara, confirms the previous statements in the newspapers, that several Ipsariot mothers, rather than fall into the hands of the barbarians, rushed to the nearest rocks, and, dashing their infants into the surge below, plunged after them. The Greeks, finding themselves unable to maintain Fort St. Nicholas, opened its gates, when 2,000 Turks rushed in: a preconcerted signal was then given to a Greek soldier, who was placed at the powder-mine; he applied the match, and in another instant every soul within the walls of the forts perished. Men like these, who will fight to the utmost and then make their own lives so dear a purchase to their enemies, may be slain, but never can be conquered. It is painful to think that such noble spirits should be sacrificed in a cause which a well-timed interference on the part of the European sovereigns would prevent.

At Athens Mr. Blaquiere visited the Parthenon and Temple of Erectheus, but these have so often been described, that we shall pass them over. On the attempts to introduce the press into Greece, Mr. B. pays a warm tribute of praise to Colonel Leicester Stanhope, as having displayed the most zeal, in convincing the Greeks that, without education and a free press, their liberty would be merely nominal, and unproductive of benefit. The types and printing-press which the colonel presented to the Athenians, are now employed by a Greek, who has recently commenced a journal, entitled ‘The Epimerides of Athens.’

“The Friend of the Laws” has been edited for some months at Hydra, by M. Chiappa, an Italian, who seems to be very well suited to the task he has undertaken. “The Greek Chronicle,” the first paper which appeared in Greece, is conducted by Dr. Meyer a German, who has become a Greek citizen through his marriage with a native of Messolonghi, where his journal is published. Though what the French call *une tête exaltée*, and rather too fond of indulging in person-

alities, Meyer unites a degree of enthusiasm with a love of improvement, which will make him a very useful citizen of his adopted country. Another paper, entitled “The Greek Telegraph,” was commenced under the auspices of Lord Byron, and but for his lordship’s death, and consequent departure of Count Gamba, who was its chief support, would have been extremely useful to the cause. This journal has been conducted in so slovenly a manner ever since, that its extinction will not be a very great loss to Greece.’

Mr. Blaquiere estimates that part of continental Greece which is in the possession of the Greeks at six hundred thousand souls, of whom forty thousand are capable of bearing arms. What a handful of men to resist the whole Ottoman power!

The second part of Mr. Blaquiere’s very interesting volume consists of documents and correspondence, including ‘The Last Days of Lord Byron,’ a considerable portion of which has already appeared in the *Westminster Review*, and been thence copied into the newspapers. The two following anecdotes, related of Lord Byron by his servant Fletcher, we do not recollect to have seen before:—

“While we were one day walking in the woods near Ravenna, my master saw an old woman decrepid with age, gathering sticks; he inquired into her circumstances, and immediately granted her a pension for her future maintenance. It was customary to dress a dinner daily for his lordship while at the above place; as the servants were all on board wages, and my master scarcely ever dined at home, I had orders to find out twelve of the most helpless poor of the city, to whom the victuals were always given.

“One of the dogs happening to get into a mill-dam, a man, who saw he was likely to be carried into the wheel, leaned over the brink so far, that he fell in, and was unfortunately drowned. My master seemed to suffer very much from this accident, and not only defrayed the expenses of the funeral, but settled fifteen shillings a week on his children, till they should grow up, and be otherwise provided for. These are, indeed, only a few instances of his lordship’s goodness; but, should you require any more, I could furnish you with a thousand.”

The letters, correspondence, documents, &c. in the second division of Mr. Blaquiere’s volume, will throw much valuable light on the present state of Greek affairs, and we recommend the work as a faithful and candid view of the present state and future prospects of one of the most interesting revolutions the world has witnessed.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.
(Continued from p. 212.)

In the description of the Tuileries our author gives an account of many interesting scenes which occurred there during the eventful revolution; the return of Bonaparte from Elba to this palace is not the least curious. It was on the 15th of March, 1815, eight days after the landing of Napoleon, that intelligence reached the Tuileries, that General Lefebvre Desnouettes was marching on

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Paris; this created great consternation. Next day, Louis XVIII. proceeded to the Chamber of Deputies, and renewed his oath to maintain the charter.

On the 19th the Tuileries were put in a state of defence; but the departure of the king was fixed for midnight:—

'The effort to keep this measure secret was rendered abortive by the bustle that prevailed in the palace. All suspected what was about to take place, and yet no one knew that it was fixed. At length all doubt was removed by the arrival of the travelling-carriages. The king's carriage drew up at the Pavillion de Flore. The national guards, officers and men, hastened to throng the staircase by which his majesty was to descend. Deep silence prevailed, and every eye was eagerly fixed upon the door by which he was to pass, when a bustle was heard in the adjoining apartment, and the king appeared, preceded by a single usher, bearing candles, and supported by the Duke de Duras and the Count de Blacas. His majesty seemed deeply affected, and a powerful emotion was visible in those who surrounded him. The king having ascended his carriage, it immediately drove off, under the escort of a detachment of the body guards. Monsieur departed an hour afterwards, and was immediately followed by the persons of the king's suite.

'The night passed without any particular occurrence. The architect and adjutant of the palace came to take measures to protect the property from injury and pillage. Early in the morning of the 20th, the rumour of the king's departure was spread in the city, and the people flocked to the gates of the Tuileries and the terraces of the garden. During the morning several altercations took place between the opposing parties, but no serious breach of the public peace occurred.

'About one o'clock, a troop of half-pay officers arrived from St. Denis, with two pieces of cannon, and a detachment of cuirassiers, to mount guard at the Tuileries. The national guards refused to open the gates. At this moment a general rode up and announced that Bonaparte would shortly arrive. It was then agreed to admit officers only into the court of the Tuileries. The latter demanded to perform the duty with the national guards, and soon the singular spectacle was presented of an officer on guard with the tricoloured cockade, in the name of the emperor, by the side of a grenadier of the national guard, with the white cockade, who acknowledged only the king.

'In the meantime, new personages from all quarters arrived at the Tuileries; officers of state, ministers and chamberlains in their ancient costume, pages in uniform and in livery, came and resumed their stations, as though Bonaparte had merely made a short excursion, and his house had been kept for him in the meanwhile. Ladies, elegantly dressed, ascended the stairs and filled the saloons; and, what is still more singular, the same ushers placed themselves at the doors of the apartments, to enforce the imperial etiquette.

'Bonaparte was expected to arrive by the Arc du Carrousel, and guards were stationed

there to preserve order. At length fifty grenadiers were ordered to the door of the Pavillion de Flore. The officers of the army, seeing this movement, flocked there in a crowd; the persons in the apartments of the Tuileries hurried to the grand staircase; a rushing of horses and carriages was heard upon the quay; a troop of lancers with drawn swords, carrying all before them, galloped through the gate; a berlin was in the midst of them; it stopped upon the same spot from which the king's carriage had started, less than twenty-four hours before; the coach-door opened, and upon the steps appeared Napoleon, in the same grey *redingote*, with the same hat, that he always wore. He would have entered, but, finding it impossible to penetrate the crowd, a troop of generals and officers took him up, and bore him, as in triumph, into the interior of the pavilion, amidst shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

'Whilst Napoleon was re-establishing himself in the palace, detachments of all the corps arrived in the court; cannon were drawn up in the midst of them; the cavalry fastened their horses to the palisades, and all the avenues to the Tuileries resembled a grand headquarters after a victory.

'The national guards maintained their stations during the rest of the night.'

A more striking instance of revolutionary frenzy can scarcely be found than in the honours paid to the wretch Marat, who was assassinated by Charlotte Corday, in 1793, when the Jacobins decreed the highest honours to the monster.—

'The painter David delivered an emphatic panegyric of him in the Convention, and declared that his art should reproduce the *traits chéris du vertueux ami du peuple*. He afterwards painted him at the moment of assassination, the blood streaming from the wound. The picture, hideous from its resemblance and expression, was exposed for several days on an altar in the court of the Louvre. The Convention afterwards caused it to be placed in the hall of their sittings. The heart of Marat was enclosed in the richest and most costly urn out of the *garde meuble de la couronne*, and Robespierre pronounced over him a funeral oration. A tomb was raised to his memory on the Place du Carrousel, by the side of that of Latouski, a Pole, who perished on the 10th of August, 1792, during the attack on the Tuileries. The tomb was of turf, surrounded with an iron railing, and in the centre was constructed a small *sacellum*, in which were placed his bust, his lamp, his bathing-tub, and his inkstand. A sentinel guarded this singular monument night and day.—Every week, the *clubistes*, in red woolen caps, traversed the streets in procession, and took their stations upon the Place du Carrousel.'

An account of the Luxembourg follows that of the Tuileries. During the revolution this palace was used as a prison, and was, with singular levity, called the *Magasin à Guillotine*. It was at this period that—

'A painter on china, named Marino, was appointed, in 1793, superintendent of the police and inspector of prisons. This Marino, going to the Luxembourg, and finding fifteen

nobles confined together in a large room on the first floor, told the keeper, who accompanied him, to put *sans culottes* into that room, and the nobles into the stable. A naval captain, the Marquis de ****, said, "Director, do not blame the keeper; it is I who begged him to put together in this room, nobles who, like myself, defy your guillotine. An old sailor does not fear villains such as you." Marino, astonished, inquired his name. "The Marquis de ****."—"Have you been long at Paris?—Three years.—Were you at Paris ten years ago?—Yes.—Do you remember having crossed the court of the Palais de Justice, at the moment when two officers were insulting a young woman?—Yes.—You defended her?—Yes, I remember it.—Well, that was a relation of mine, and, to show you my gratitude, you may go out of this prison, for it is *notre magasin à guillotine*."—"I accept your offer, upon the condition only that all my comrades may go out with me."—"That is impossible; but I will return to-morrow. Make a list of seven or eight, and I will remove them with you to another prison, where you will be secure from the guillotine." The next day Marino returned, and said to the marquis: "Give me your list."—"There it is, the number is twenty-one; I can make no diminution, I would rather remain here for the guillotine, than be guilty of cowardice." Marino yielded, and the twenty-one were transferred the same evening to the prison called *Des Oiseaux*, upon the *Boulevards Neufs*.

At the *Sainte Chapelle*, attached to the *Palais de Justice*—

'A singular ceremony was performed annually, on the night of Good Friday. All persons who believed themselves possessed by the devil came to be delivered from his bondage; they threw themselves into a thousand forms, and sent forth horrid cries and shrieks. The chanter, after some time, used to make his appearance with the wood of the true cross, which immediately restored order, and the convulsive motions and cries were succeeded by a perfect calm. This ceremony continued to the reign of Louis XV. and last took place in 1770.'

As, in the description of the *Palais de Justice*, our author gives an historical account of the courts of law and laws, so in the account of the *Hôtel de Monnaies* he describes the French coins at different periods. The description of the French hotels is prefaced by a singular account of the bars formerly placed in front of the houses of princes and other distinguished individuals:—

'The princes of the blood, in former times, had unlimited jurisdiction over their domestics. The great officers of the crown had the same authority over all those who held any charge, employment, or office, under them. In case of popular tumult, or if the people had any urgent complaint to make, they assembled before the house of the governor, the grand almoner, the *connétable*, the grand chamberlain, the grand equerry, the chancellor, a prince of the blood, or, in short, before the house of any one who had authority to judge and punish the persons of whom they had to complain. The prince or officer ap-

peared at his door, where there was a bar, that he might not be pressed upon by the people, and on which he leant, to hear their complaints. Such was the origin of the bars which, before the revolution, were seen in front of different hotels in Paris.

To Charlemagne Paris was indebted for the foundation of the university; his object was rather to promote religion than general knowledge:—

“Charlemagne himself examined the scholars. In imitation of the last judgment, he placed the diligent on his right hand, and the idle on his left; saying to the former, “As you have been faithful to my orders, I will give you the most valuable bishoprics and abbeys in my kingdom;” and to those on the left hand, “Unless you make up by diligence what you have lost by negligence, you will never obtain the smallest favour.” This prince did not wish to form Ciceros or Virgils in his schools, but rather Jeromes and Augustins.’

Our author, we suspect, is not very correct in his English names: we never heard of a Lord Harnouester, nor is Goustand an English name; nor are the titles of some of the French institutions correctly translated: the exhibition in Paris of *Les Produits de l’Industrie Française* is not merely an exhibition of the products of French industry, but of French manufactures.

—In the early period of the history of France the maintenance of foundlings was at the charge of feudal lords; hospitals were in later years erected for them, but they were not well managed:—

“In 1570, the foundlings were removed from the Hôpital de la Trinité to a house in the cité, ceded by the chapter of Notre Dame, for a pecuniary consideration. The children received into this house, which took the name of *Maison de la Couche*, were placed daily in a large cradle in the church of Notre Dame, to excite the public liberality, and thereby diminish the expenses of the lords.

“The foundlings of this establishment being grievously neglected, a widow lady, residing in the vicinity, received them into her house; but her servants, weary of their employment, made them an article of traffic. These infants were sold to beggars to obtain alms, to nurses whose sucklings were dead, and to magicians, who put them to death in the exercise of their profession. The price of each infant was fixed at twenty sous.

“This dreadful abuse at length became public, and Vincent de Paule, a man celebrated for his zeal and benevolence, incensed at the abominable traffic in foundlings, procured for them, in 1638, a new asylum, near the Porte St. Victor, and engaged the *Dames de la Charité* to take charge of them. The funds for their support being found very inadequate to the object, the superintendents of this establishment determined by lot which of the infants should be preserved and fed. The others were abandoned.

“In 1640, Vincent de Paule assembled together the *dames* who had the care of these foundlings, and enjoined them to renounce the barbarous decision by lot, and to preserve the lives of all the unfortunate children. The

zeal of this philanthropist in the cause of humanity rendered him superior to the repulses he met with in soliciting contributions. In 1641, he obtained of the court an annuity of 3,000 livres for the foundlings, and 1,000 livres for their nurses. In 1644, he obtained an additional annuity of 8,000 livres, and in 1648, part of the château of Bicêtre was, at his request, granted for an asylum.’

In the account of the Italian Opera some amusing anecdotes are related of Vestris and his son, who performed there during the reign of Louis XVI.:—

“In 1784, the King of Sweden being at Paris, and wishing to be present at the performance of an opera, her majesty, Marie-Antoinette, requested Vestris, junior, who had sprained his foot, to dance in the best manner he could. Vestris, after having been solicited three times, made such a reply that the Baron de Breteuil, minister of the department of Paris, sent him to prison. “Alas,” said his father, who was surnamed the god of dancing, and whose talents were exceeded only by his vanity, “this is the first rupture between our house and the family of the Bourbons!”

“At the time of the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guemené, Vestris said to his son: “My son, I have allowed you to bear my name, but unless you diminish your expenses you shall do so no longer. Harken, my son—I will have no de Guemené in my family!”

“The same Vestris, when his son was sent to prison with several other dancers and actors, for having made a disturbance at the Opera House, said to him—“Go, my son, this is the best day of your life. Take my carriage, and ask for the apartments of my friend the King of Poland: I will pay for all!”

Our author devotes a chapter to magic, which was in high repute among the Franks; in March, 1615, however, the devil is said to have strangled two magicians in Paris:—

“The one was Ruggieri, abbot of St. Mahé, of whom we have before spoken; he was assailed amidst a thundering noise by the devil, who strangled him in the night. The other, named *Cesar*, produced hail and thunder storms at pleasure, possessed a familiar spirit, and a dog who carried his letters, and brought back answers. He made a waxen image to occasion the death of a certain gentleman. He composed philters for young men that they might be beloved by young girls, went to the *Sabbat*, and boasted of having obtained the favours of a great lady at court. Whilst a prisoner in the Bastille, on the 11th of March, 1615, the devil came with a frightful noise, and strangled him in his bed. A fact more certain is, that he made a trade of showing the devil to any one who would pay to see him.

“The following account of the manner in which this impostor produced the devil and his infernal court, is recorded by a contemporary author in the words of *Cesar*, whom he calls *Perditor*: “You would scarcely believe how many gallants and young *séraphins* (Parisians) importune me to show them the devil. Seeing this, I thought of a most ludicrous contrivance to gain money. At

a quarter of a league from this city, towards Gentilly, is a very deep quarry, with long recesses to the right and left. When any one comes to see the devil, I lead him into this quarry; but, before we enter, I demand at least forty or fifty pistoles, and require him to swear never to speak of it, not to be afraid, to invoke neither god nor demi-god, nor to utter any holy word.

““I then enter first into the cavern, and, before we advance far, I make circles and recite invocations, and some pieces composed of barbarous words, which I have no sooner uttered than the curious fool and I hear the rattling of heavy iron chains, and the growling of large mastiffs. I then ask him whether he is afraid; if he says yes, as there are some who dare not go farther, I conduct him back, and, having thus cured him of his impertinent curiosity, keep the money which he gave me.

““But should he not be afraid, I advance farther, muttering horrid imprecations. On arriving at a place with which I am acquainted, I redouble my invocations, and rave as though I were mad. Immediately, six men, whom I keep in this cavern, throw out flames of rosin on the right and left of us. Through the flames I show to my dupe a large goat laden with huge chains painted red to make them appear as if red hot. On the right and left are two large mastiffs, whose heads are thrust into wooden instruments broad at one end, and narrow at the other. In proportion as these men exasperate them, they howl, and their howling resounds in such a manner in the instruments on their heads, and makes such a terrific noise in the cavern, that, although I know the cause of it, the very hair of my head stands on end with horror. The goat, which I have trained for the purpose, shakes his chains, tosses his horns, and plays his part so well, that no one would believe but that he is the devil himself. My six actors, who have been well tutored, are also laden with red chains, and clothed like furies. There is no light in the cavern but what they make at intervals with rosin.

““After having thus played the devil for some time, two of them come and torment my inquisitive fool with long sand-bags, with which they beat him about the body so unmercifully, that I am at length obliged to drag him half-dead out of the cavern. When he has somewhat recovered his senses, I tell him that it is a dangerous and useless curiosity to wish to see the devil, and beg him to resist the temptation; and, I assure you, no one ever came to see him a second time.”

Scenes in Palestine; or, Dramatic Sketches from the Bible. To which is added, The Fair Avenger, or the Destroyer Destroyed, an Academic Drama. By J. F. PENNIE. 12mo. pp. 201. London, 1825. Cole.

WITHOUT in the least wishing to place Mr. Pennie in a higher rank among living poets than that to which he is entitled, we may, we think, fairly state that no writer of equal talents has been so unaccountably neglected. To what circumstance this neglect is to be attributed we know not: it is sufficient that it exists, to account for his feeling somewhat mortified, and complaining of

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having been treated with 'cruel neglect and unfeeling apathy.' 'It will,' says the author, who does not conceal his disappointment, 'be for other and more liberal days, when this heart shall long have ceased to throb with the disappointment of all its hopes, to judge if I have merited such chilling treatment from these self-boasted fosterers of rising merit and genius.'

This is evidently the language of a man of acute feelings, who, with a modest consciousness of his talents, feels that he has been unfortunate in their being so little noticed. In the preface, which contains this expression of his sentiments, Mr. Pennie labours to prove that scriptural subjects are neither unsuited to poetical versification nor the public taste. We know not why they should be: we are not aware of any work which contains in itself so much true and sublime poetry, as the sacred writings; and we trust that, vitiated as the public taste may be, the Bible has not ceased to be looked on with veneration.

Mr. Pennie's 'Dramatic Sketches' are eight in number. The subjects are Cain and Abel, Jacob and Rachel, the Fall of Jericho, Ruth, the Deluge, Absalom, the Judgment of Solomon, and the Phœnician Fugitives. They are, it will be seen, well chosen, and many of them are in themselves highly dramatic; they have, however, been rendered doubly so by Mr. Pennie, who is extremely felicitous in his treatment of sacred subjects: there is a richness of versification often rising into sublimity in some of these pieces, which would do credit to any poet of the present day. This, we think, will be evident from the extracts we shall make; the first is the concluding portion of the Fall of Jericho:—

'Scene II.—The outside of the Walls of Jericho.—The Israelitish camp at a distance.
'Enter Joshua, Eliphaz, Prince of Zebulun, Shelomi, Prince of Judah, other Princes, and part of the Hebrew army.

'Joshua. The sun in smiling glory up the sky
Triumphant rides; all nature gladly hails
His sense-delighting presence. Sweet the birds
Their wild lays pour: but there are other sounds
On the soft winds afloat, that to the hearts
Of Israel's sons speak sweeter melody.
The horn of battle rings for the last time,
O Jericho, around thy lofty walls.
And now, brave princes and assembled hosts,
This day another miracle behold:
Ye shall not lift a spear, nor draw a bow,
Yet, ere yon sun his mid-sky height attains,
The city shall be ours.

'Eliphaz. Brave Joshua, we
Long to behold its boasted bulwarks fall;
And in the blood of its inhabitants
Our thirsty weapons bathe.

'Joshua. For the last time,
The fearful watchmen on thy sun-gilt towers
View the young dawn; and, turning to the east,
Where shine a thousand radiant dyes of light,
Worship the redly flaming king of day.
Vain are thy walls of hewn and massy stone,
Thy tower-crowned palaces, thy trophied halls,
Thy swelling battlements, and golden spires!
Vain is the valour of thy men of might,
And warlike lifters of the brazen spear;
And vain the ponderous bars of thy proud gates!
Our sacred banners, floating on the winds,
Emblazoned with the golden signs of heaven,
And cherub-shadowed ark, by holy priests
Borne 'twixt two dreadful hosts of armed men,

The shining of whose mail, like lightning,
streams

Along thy walls and turrets, hath, since dawn,
In awful silence six times thee begirt.

See! once again, the last, seventh time they
come.

And hark! the seven times seventh loud blast
doth ring

Of horn and trump: valley, and hill, and tower,
Re-echo back the death-song of thy fall;

For thou shalt sink, proud city, and be found
No more among the nations of the earth!

[*The ark appears borne by the priests, the twelve standards and a host of warriors, in solemn procession,—trumpets, &c.*]

Wave high your glittering banners on the air,
Mail-clad gonfaloniers; blow the shrill trump
And martial horn, loud, and still louder yet.

Break, break the mystic silence, all ye hosts
Of joyful Israel; shake the glancing spear,
And strike your sounding bucklers; lift the
shout,

The shout triumphant, o'er yon trembling city,
Till shake th' eternal hills, and heaven resounds
With crash of falling walls, down-tumbling
towers,

The shrieks of horror, and the cries of death!

[*Flourish, shouts, &c.—The city falls.*]

It falls! it falls! and Jericho's no more!
Temple and palace, dome and battlement,
With hideous shock, down on each other rush!

The sun is darkened with thick clouds of dust,
And from the city comes a dreadful wail
Of anguish and despair! Draw forth your
swords,

Ye valiant princes, and ye men of war;
Mount o'er the ruins of their gates and towers;
Let none of all the Baal adorers live,
Save Rahab and her house, who hid our spies.—

The sword of Israel, and the wasting fire,
Shall to the end of time, O Jericho,
Make thee a desolation! In thy halls
Of bannered pride, the wolf and bear shall
dwell;

The crested cormorant from thy windows cry;
Thy temples shall be made a dwelling-place
For the she-lion's whelps, who from the reeds
Of Jordan's flood shall come with thee to dwell;

The hideous snake, with eye of fire malign,
Shall in thy regal chambers hiss the raven,
Perched on thy blackened walls; and thou
remain,

O'ergrown with weeds, a lonely heap of stones!
Haste to the work of death!—On, on to victory!

The little pastoral drama of Ruth (one of
the most interesting narratives in a work rich
beyond all others) is full of truth and beauty,
and contains some excellent choruses. We
shall, however, pass it over, to select part of a
scene in the Judgment of Solomon, which is
complete in itself:—

'Scene II.—The Hall of Judgment.
'Solomon on his throne of ivory.—A guard of warriors.—Ahiadab and Amazah with the sword of justice.—Rabbah and Zobath, one with a dead, and the other a living child, standing in front of the throne.

'Rabbah. Harken, O king, on whom the
wisdom dwells

Of God himself, and mayst thou ever live!
I and this woman in one house abode
As friends, alone. No strangers visited
Our humble home; and we two lovely boys
Brought forth almost together. Tenderly
These babes by us were nursed; and they
grew up

Like twin kids of the flock. But O, my lord,
Two nights ago this hapless babe that lies

Cold in my arms, was by its mother pressed
Unconsciously to death. At the dark hour
Of midnight Zobath rose, and, finding that
Her ill-starred boy was dead, she crept to
where

I stretched my weary limbs in slumberous rest,
And softly from my bosom as it slept,
Close nestled like a callow bird beneath
Its parent's fostering wing, my child did steal,
Placing her own dead infant on this breast:
But when I rose at dawning of the day,
I soon perceived the child, that in my arms
Lay motionless and silent, was not mine.

'Zobath. 'Tis false, O king, which she hath
told. This child

Of life and beauty, in these arms, that springs
So readily to meet its mother's kiss,
Is mine.

'Rab. Pity, renowned prince of peace,
The anguish of a mother, who beholds
Her dear, her only child torn from her arms:
Who for yon lovely babe, that bless'd her eyes
With smiles and rosy beauty, and whose lips
The lacteal streams from her fond bosom
drained,

As rapturously she pressed him to her heart,
Hath now another's death-cold infant thrust
Enforcedly upon her. Give me my child!
O, how he stretches out his little hands,
And smiles upon me. Give him, give him
back,

Thou false and treacherous Zobath!

'Zob. Give him to thee! No we will never
part!

Shall I my son give up, and to these arms
Take thy pale lifeless brat?

'Rab. O, let me not
Behold my infant, for whom I endured
Such pangs of child-birth, whom so tenderly
I've cherished with a mother's fondest hopes,
Become an alien to me. Let me not,
Thou far-famed king of Israel, see him nursed
On that base woman's lap, who vilely stole
Him from my sleeping arms.

'Solomon. Elders and chiefs
Renowned of Israel, how can I decide
The strange distracting claims to yonder child.
The sword the rightful mother's love shall
prove,

And demonstrate the justice of my throne.—
Draw, Amazah, the flaming brand that guards
The judgment-seat: advance, and seize yon
child,

Yon living child, and cleave it to the chine.
Then to those women each a bloody part
Give, to appease their clamours.

'Rab. O, my lord,
In mercy, mercy, spare the lovely boy!
Thus on my knees I do beseech thee, bid
The executioner of wrath put up
His deadly-gleaming weapon, or on me
Let fall its horrid edge, that I may not
Behold the death-pangs of my slaughtered
child!

O, thou dost hurt him with thine iron grasp,
Thou stern and bloody man! Thy looks do
fright
The trembling innocent! O spare him! spare
him!—

Take pity on my tears: compassionate
The agonies I for my child endure.—
Give back, O king, give back the guiltless babe
To her who claims him! To that ruthless
woman

I yield him up, a mother's title quit,
And to her arms my boy resign for ever.

'Zob. Heed not her words,
Thou king of Israel. Deathsman, do thy work!
Divide the boy with thy uplifted falchion:

Cold in my arms, was by its mother pressed
Unconsciously to death. At the dark hour
Of midnight Zobath rose, and, finding that
Her ill-starred boy was dead, she crept to
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I stretched my weary limbs in slumberous rest,
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To her who claims him! To that ruthless
woman

I yield him up, a mother's title quit,
And to her arms my boy resign for ever.

'Zob. Heed not her words,
Thou king of Israel. Deathsman, do thy work!
Divide the boy with thy uplifted falchion:

Be half of him but mine, and I'm content.
Why should a living son be her's, when mine—
(*Aside.*)

Must sleep i' th' hopeless grave?

'Sol. Hold! slay him not.
Put up thy dreadful sword, and give the boy
Back, Amazah, in safety to her arms,
Who with a real mother's anguish pleads
So strongly for his life.—She who, to save
Her innocent from the sword, would with him
part,
And yield him to a cruel stranger's care,
Is the true mother of the living boy.

[*The people shout applause.*]

The Phœnician Fugitives is written under an impression that some of the Canaanites who fled from the conquering arms of Joshua might have reached Malta as well as the opposite coast of Africa. The Fair Avenger is avowedly written for a school drama, in which 'all the characters may be sustained by pupils without awakening any improper ideas in their young minds.' In this Mr. Pennie has succeeded, and, so far as morality is concerned, we believe he has written—

'No line which dying he would wish to blot.'

The Fair Avenger is full of interest, and we have rarely met with a volume which contains more genuine poetry, or displays a better feeling, than Mr. Pennie's 'Scenes in Palestine.'

Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement.
3 vols. pp. 1115. London, 1825. Colburn.

MYSTERIES and Moralities are less nearly allied than they were formerly; there is, however, as much or more art used in both at the present day, than at the period to which we have alluded. By the mysteries of the present time, we do not mean those dramatic pieces which once went by the name, for really in such dramas as have been produced lately, there is no mystery at all. We mean the mysteries with which authors and booksellers seek to envelop their productions. First, there is the mystery about the Great Unknown, as he is somewhat irreverently called, whom everybody knows,—but we cannot stop to enumerate all those artifices of trade by which a fictitious interest is so often sought to be given to new works; one, however, connected with *Tremaine*, is of so impudent a character, that we cannot suffer it to pass.

For several weeks previous to the publication of this novel, the newspapers were inundated with paid-for paragraphs, not merely insinuating, but boldly asserting, that *Tremaine* was written by the Right Honourable Richard Ryder, formerly secretary of state for the home department, and brother of the Earl of Harrowby. A sort of collateral puff intimated that the work would contain characters of some of his colleagues, and of individuals in high life. What, however, turns out to be the fact? Why that Mr. Ryder is not the author of *Tremaine*, and that he has never even read or seen it! This he has deemed it necessary to state, in a letter which appeared in the *John Bull* of Sunday last. Another report was at one time bruited, that *Tremaine* was written by young

Spencer Perceval; but it gained little credit, and excited no interest.

Now all this quackery is the less essential to Mr. Colburn, because he really has, of late years, published several works of sufficient merit to become popular without it; and even *Tremaine* is of that class, by whomsoever it may have been written, which to us is a matter of no importance. The author commences with a sort of lackadaisical preface, addressed to the Right Honourable William Sturges Bourne, M. P. who has been selected for this honour, as being, in the writer's opinion, 'the most wisest, virtuous, best,' of mankind. The author's reason for writing is, that his work 'may possibly do good, and cannot do harm;' and his object is to recommend 'good sense, proper moderation, and sound theology,' ingredients now for the first time thought of in the composition of a novel.

After the author's preface comes one from the editor: the author tells us that it is of no consequence how he came by the story of the novel; and the editor assures us it is equally uninteresting how he came by the manuscript, and story to boot. He then insinuates a doubt whether the work is one of fiction or of reality. This is in the true Conduit-street style of puffing, and is very disgusting and quite unnecessary; for, as we have said, *Tremaine* has considerable merit. It is a didactic novel, in which the writer is somewhat too diffusive, but generally correct in his remarks: his pictures of high life, or good society, are well drawn, and the characters, if not strictly original, are sketched with a vigorous hand. One error of the author is that he does not discriminate well on what subjects to dilate, and what to dismiss briefly. The hero, *Tremaine*, is a man who retires from the world in disgust, a sceptic, and nearly an infidel; he is, however, neither vicious nor unreflecting, and is reclaimed by the labours of Evelyn and his daughters. Evelyn is a clever, sermonizing, old gentleman, who for every why has a wherefore, and corrects the follies, and refutes the errors of *Tremaine*, with a modest but unsparing consciousness of the correctness of his own opinions. Though the novel is generally of a grave character, and the third volume is almost entirely devoted to polemical discussion, yet there are several scenes in which a chastened humour is displayed. One of the best of these, perhaps, is a dinner-party in the second volume, in which the boozing complaisance of a Scotch doctor, *McGinnis*, is well hit off. At the table, which was in the house of Lord Bellenden, with whom the doctor wished to ingratiate himself, the conversation turned on the abolition of capital punishments, by the Empress of Russia, and the sanguinary nature of the English law:—

'In this emergency, some assertion of the traveller in respect to the great King of Prussia staggered the noble host, particularly as Evelyn said it was a good argument, if the fact were true; and all he had to do was to doubt the fact, until better informed.'

'Appeal was made to *Tremaine*, as having been at Berlin, but he protested the King of

Prussia had been so long dead when he was there, that he could say nothing with accuracy on the subject. It was then that the doctor's good star presided, for Lord Bellenden, recollecting he had travelled many years before, and had seen the great Frederic alive, determined to appeal to him; which he accordingly did in a voice quite loud enough to be heard. The doctor felt great pleasure at being thus appealed to; but, though Lord Bellenden's language was as clear as his lungs were good, he nevertheless protested, with many apologies, that he happened to be so very deaf that day with a cold, that he had not the honour of being able to make out his lordship's question.

"Suppose you come among us," said Lord Bellenden? "we can make room for you."

"Weellingly, my Lord," answered the delighted doctor, and then, with his napkin and dessert-plate in his hand, he bade adieu to his more ordinary neighbours, to follow fortune in a higher circle.

'The question was whether Frederic the Great had not imitated the example of Elizabeth.'

"I suppose," said the doctor, with a grave and wise air, as becoming one who had been chosen a referee, "ye all know he was called *Le Roi philosophe et guerrier*."

"To be sure we do," answered the traveller; "who does not?"

"I confess I did not," said Mr. Beaumont, with great seriousness; "I should be glad to hear Dr. McGinnis."

"Sir, you do me great honour," returned the doctor bowing: "and, sir," turning to the traveller, "you will never airgu if you hurry things; you are too *raypid* by half."

"I am not arguing," replied the traveller, "I am only advancing a fact which you cannot deny;—if you do, I only refer you to Baron Reisbach's account of Frederic the Great."

"Sir," rejoined the historian, "it is not I that am to be referred to any account of a man whose life I have made it my *beesiness* to study: but the theng lies much deeper: ye are upon the nature of laws, and, as I collected where I sat, upon cay-pital punishments."

"I thought you were so damned deaf, you could not hear," said Sir Marmaduke.

The doctor looked adust, but Mr. Beaumont gravely observed, he knew from experience, that it was the nature of deafness, to hear at one time, and not at another.

"I thank ye, sir, again," said the doctor, "ye have explained it vary philosophically."

"But the King of Prussia," again cried the traveller, with increased eagerness.

"We are not yet ripe for him," answered the phlegmatic jurisconsult; "a mere fact will do nothing, tell ye have sattled the whol theory and nature of laws in general: I presume you have never read Ulpian or Papinian!"

"No! thank Heaven," said the traveller, quite vexed.

"And yet no one," replied the doctor unmoved, need thank Heaven for his own ignorance: at which many of the company

laughed, to the annoyance of the traveller. "Perhaps," continued the doctor, enjoying his advantage, "ye have not canvassed the laws of the twelve tables, founded upon those of Solon, and sent for express from Rome to Athens—but ye possibly have heard of Draco."

"This is quite unbearable," groaned the traveller.

"Depend upon it he cannot contradict your fact," whispered Mr. Beaumont, encouraging him.

"When my gude Lord Bellenden and this gude company," continued the doctor, "shall have heard the end of my argument"—

"I own I have not heard the beginning of it," said Lord Bellenden; to which Sir Marmaduke added, it was a damned dry argument, and desired they would push about the bottle.

"Shall we go to the ladies?" asked Tremaine, almost dead with ennui.

"They have not sent for us," said Lord Bellenden.

"We are not milksops," roared Sir Marmaduke.

"My good doctor," said Lord Bellenden, "all we want to know is, whether the King of Prussia imitated the example of the Empress Elizabeth, as Sir William Wagstaff says (and I venture to deny), in abolishing capital punishments."

"Your lordship is perfectly correct," returned the doctor.

"Impossible!" ejaculated the traveller. "I will show it you in Baron Reisbach's eulogy, and it was always so held when I was at Berlin; I cannot be mistaken. O! if I had but a Reisbach!"

"I do not exactly deny or affirm any thing," replied the doctor, not willing to hazard himself as to the fact; but only that he did not *emulate* Eleazabeth."

"This is too much, thought Tremaine, and, jumping on his legs, fairly walked through a garden door, to recover himself from a disgust no longer bearable.

"Not so Mr. Beaumont, who rather enjoyed the scene.

"I think your discrimination is perfectly just," cried he to Dr. McGinnis, and I own I come over to you."

"I thought you would," observed the doctor, looking at Lord Bellenden for approbation.

"Lord Bellenden was, however, too just to accept of such doubtful assistance, and, moreover, not very much delighted with his auxiliary: he therefore begged him to say candidly, as far as he knew, whether Frederic did or did not enact the abolition.

"To say as far as I know upon any subject," said the historian, with great dignity, "would be to say a great deal."

"Then out with it all at once," cried Sir Marmaduke, filling his glass.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Evelyn.

"We shall never get at the point," observed Lord Bellenden.

"I am quite satisfied," exclaimed the traveller.

"So am I," echoed Evelyn.

"I confess I am not," returned the doctor; "for we have jumped to a conclusion in defiance of all method, which I hold to be treason against the laws of true ratiocination."

"Do you say he abolished or not?" cried the traveller, with petulance.

"He did, and he didn't," answered McGinnis.

"What's coming now!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"Gentlemen, I see ye are none of ye metaphysicians," observed McGinnis.

"Metaphysicians or not," said Lord Bellenden, "we seem to have lost the King of Prussia, and, as the ladies have sent for us, we will finish the argument some other time."

Tremaine, a sceptic, but not an obstinate one, has an interesting discussion with Evelyn on the immortality of the soul. Tremaine wished to have the reality of a future state proved, and Evelyn asks what will content him. The return of one who had lived in the other world, was the reply:—

"Christ alone is that person," answered Evelyn; "and, for this, I agree our argument is not ripe. But on my side let me ask the reason for doubt?"

"Why this, if nothing else; and I am willing to allow I have little else: the total destruction, annihilation, and disappearance of everything belonging to us.—That is *positive* on the one side; while, on the other, not a vestige beyond conjecture (how pleasing or beautiful soever that dear illusive field!) that anything lives again.

"Take the most exquisite work of art—the Jupiter of Phidias. It seems to live, to breathe; fire is in its eye; intellect and dignity on its brow; we acknowledge the father of Gods and men,—we worship, we adore! Suppose, for a moment, this statue hollowed out, and filled with an extraordinary mechanism of clockwork. It begins to move; it nods; it thunders; it may even be made to produce death. It stalks with dignity round a given space; and, for a time, the ignorant believe it to be what it appears. But of a sudden, it stops; the moving power is at an end; its faculties are lost. A barbarian seizes and dashes it to pieces. It is crumbled and reduced to powder; it can no more return to the marble whence it came, but is mixed with ignominious mud, and can be even traced no longer. I know this statue had not real life; but, barring the blood and breathing, the vision and hearing of our bodies (which are all mere modes of matter, even as this divine work of Phidias was), what difference, when they come to be destroyed by death, or the hand of the barbarian, seems there to be between the statue and the man? The last appears a mere machine as well as the first; more nicely put together indeed; more exquisitely contrived; with a more wonderful apparatus in the senses, and leading therefore to more powerful effects; but all of them to be accounted for in these senses, which you yourself, I imagine, will not deny to be simple matter. I ask the end and finish of all, when these senses decay, and the life-blood is out? The

machine of the man, like the machine of the statue, equally falls to pieces, and is trodden into dust. Hence, with Lucretius, may we not say?—

"Nunc quoniam quassatis undique vasis, Diffuere humorem et laticem discedere cernis, Crede animam quoque diffundi."

"In short, the excellent warm motion has become a kneaded clod; and the issue of all seems to be,—

"To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot."

Tremaine here paused, seemingly moved with his own account of himself. "You put this well," said Evelyn, "and I beseech you to proceed."

"I have little more to add," said Tremaine, "but that, after the most anxious investigation I am able to make of our intellectual powers, and all I have read of the nature of thought, I cannot convince myself that it is not what Lucretius and others have fancied it—a very subtle, and very wonderful effect, for a given time, of the nice and extraordinary adaptation of parts in the wonderful machine; in the same manner, though not in the same degree, and by no means in the same manner to be discovered, as the machine of clockwork I have supposed. But both are broken to pieces; I see all the fragments before me; I can put almost all together again, or at least account for those which I cannot: who, then, shall tell me that one of these machines is to live again, and not the other? Or who shall say there is nothing in the clockwork (because we cannot see that there is), which will either continue to live itself, or to make that work live again; and yet that there is something in the man which is to produce all this effect, although, any more than in the clockwork, no one has ever seen it, will see it, or can see it?"

"Again, I say," observed Evelyn, "you put this matter exceedingly well; Voltaire himself would have been obliged to you. You beat him all to nothing with his bellows and its clapper, which, he says, is its soul."

"Whatever I may once have thought, I have long felt that to be a very foolish sally," said Tremaine.

"Not so foolish for his profligate purpose," answered Evelyn, "which was to sap, by ridicule and disrespect, what he could not beat down by argument. And yet, as an argument, though your image is the nobler, his (excuse me) is at least as convincing."

"I meant it as a mere illustration," said Tremaine, "to show, that if one machine was destroyed, and confessedly could not be restored, so must it be with the other. But I shall rejoice if you can show my supposition to be a fallacy."

"Voltaire meant no more than you," replied Evelyn, "and both of you are open to this answer,—you both take for granted, that the mind of man, as well as his body, is a machine."

"It is even so," said Tremaine. "Everything I see, everything I know, is lost and closed in death. Without revelation (to which, as you say, we have not yet come, and I agree it is better for the argument that we should keep it for its own place), who ever heard of the other world, except in the fond

fancies of poets and philosophers? Who ever visited it? Who ever knew that any one was carried to it, much less returned from it, or was brought to judgment before its tribunals? Who ever saw or felt either Heaven or Hell?—But as, like children in the dark, we generally fear what we are uncertain about, and this fear is at least a convenient instrument for our nurses, and afterwards for our governors, can I think that sentiment either very foolish or very impious, which has caused so much altercation on both sides—

“*Primus in orbe Deos facit timor?*”

“Let us take you up upon your own supposition,” answered Evelyn, “and see, practically, to what this would amount.”

“I desire nothing better,” said Tremaine.

“Suppose a ship were periodically to arrive from some far-off and unknown country; that a band of armed men should land from it without opposition; should call upon all the chiefs and rulers of the place, and, like the famous Cretan ship of old, should demand from them a certain number of victims, which should be obediently supplied to them; suppose the armed men themselves should point out these victims, at their will and pleasure, without any known rule or principle,—seizing upon the young, the gay, and the happy, the innocent infant, or the blooming bride; and, although the most bitter grief and lamentation possessed everybody, no one had ever the thought, much less the power, of resisting the demand; on the contrary, that all should submit to it in silent awe. Suppose, farther, that these victims, once embarked, were never known to return, so that every one was utterly ignorant of their fate; but that the ship regularly returned for more, until all the inhabitants of the place were carried off, and new generations succeeded to await the same fate.”

“Your supposition is awful enough,” cried Tremaine; “and it is evident that by your ship you mean death.”

“I do,” said Evelyn; “and I ask you, or any thinking man, whether you could possibly behold this regular arrival and regular departure with indifference?”

“I could not,” answered Tremaine.

“I ask you farther,” continued Evelyn, “whether you could possibly refrain from wondering whence this ship came, or whither she returned? Or if any thoughtless, or even thoughtful man were to say she came from no place, and returned to no place; and because you could not tell what became of the victims, that therefore nothing became of them; would you be satisfied with this, and set the whole matter at rest, as if the ship had never come, or never would come again?”

“I should not,” replied Tremaine.

“You would observe,” pursued Evelyn, “I say nothing of the influence of this periodical visit upon conduct, but merely upon opinion. You would then, probably, speculate upon the destination of this ship, and not easily believe those who said she had no destination at all.”

“It is natural so to suppose,” said Tremaine.

“And if,” asked Evelyn, “during one or two visits, the head of this armed band were to point his dart at you, or to throw his eyes over you, as if examining whether you might not be a proper addition to the next cargo of victims;—if, indeed, he were to tell you in terms, to prepare, for that your turn would be next”——

“What then!” said Tremaine.

“Why, then, your curiosity and speculation would probably increase; and you would not deem it satisfactory to be told by any of your friends, however sincere in their opinions, that it ought not to concern you, except in so far as that it took you from your family, and the good things you were enjoying; for as nothing ever was known of the fate of these victims that had gone before you, it was presumable they had no fate at all. Would this be a reasonable supposition?” asked Evelyn.

Tremaine owned it would not.

“But what,” continued the doctor, “if you were told (still upon no evidence but a presumption, and that a capricious one), that at best they all fell asleep, never again to wake? Once more I ask, if this would satisfy, would make you indifferent as to what was to happen to you when your turn came to obey the summons?”

“I allow it would not,” answered Tremaine; “yet, I think, there is this fallacy in your illustration:—We see the ship sail away, and you suppose these victims carried off alive; whereas, in death, we see no being whatever carried off, and the poor remnants of mortality still remain, mouldering to nothing, or actually mixing into other substances before our eyes. Thus, death is a mere privation, a negation, as it were, of the powers we see in the body during life; but the body itself remains, and we know what becomes of it. How does this tally with your supposition, under which the body (that is the victim) disappears at the same moment with the powers of life?”

“I understand you,” said Evelyn; “and your observation requires the fullest answer. Perhaps you will be surprised if I say that, for all that, mine is the true picture, your’s the fallacious one. Most true it is, in mine I have supposed, for the sake of illustration, the mortal part to be carried off in my ship, in the same manner as all authors, sacred and profane, all prophets, poets, painters, and every mind warmed with genius, have imagined the mere negation death, to be an actual person, a king crowned with terrors. But it is evident, that by the persons of my victims, I mean the soul, which being invisible, intangible, and, in short, imperceptible to sense, it is impossible to demonstrate, to that sense at least, what may be its fate.”

“In your illustration, then,” observed Tremaine, “your visible being is put for an invisible one.”

“It is,” answered Evelyn; “and, as I contend, it sufficiently refutes the charge that the illustration itself is fallacious.”

“Mine is, at least, the simpler,” rejoined Tremaine: “it rests itself upon the absolute demonstration of the senses; while your’s is conjecture only. To conjecture mine can never be subject; its material nature, its

oneness (if I may so call it), protects it from that.”

“Be not too sure,” observed Evelyn, pointedly.

Tremaine looked surprised.

“I have said,” continued his friend, “your’s was the fallacious picture; and it is so in this,—that you assume, in respect to the clockwork you have supposed, that the whole of it is material, and obvious to sense, as you have charged me with having supposed the soul.”

“And is it not so?”

“No! for you forgot the most important part of it, the *primum mobile* that sets it going.”

“Not so,” answered Tremaine with eagerness. “I know that it goes not of itself, and must have a weight, or spring, or some great mechanical power, to give it its impetus; but all this experiences the same palpable destruction with the rest of the machine.”

“Aye; but what gives impetus to the mechanical power itself?” asked Evelyn, folding his arms, and fixing his eyes in scrutiny upon his friend. Tremaine hesitated.

“Pursue this,” continued Evelyn, “and you will find that, even in your material machine, something immaterial, but of amazing force, something quite as unobvious to sense as the soul, and only, like the soul, to be known by its effects, must cause, in reality, every one of its operations. Your weight is nothing but the attraction of gravity; your spring the attraction of cohesion; yet, whence these are, or how they operate, no man that ever lived, or, probably, ever will live, can tell.” Tremaine was obviously struck.

“You will, at least, not say,” pursued Evelyn, “that these attractions, even if material, are visible, or tangible, or perceptible to sense. You cannot, therefore, include them among the fragments which you say you see mouldering to nothing, or actually mixing into other substances before your eyes.”

Tremaine owned he had not considered this, and that the argument was of the greatest consequence against his own conclusions.

In a chapter on Providence, there is a most extravagant eulogy on the late Spencer Perceval, who is described as ‘so pure, so honest, so clear in his great office, so perfect in private life, that to name him seemed to be to name virtue;’ then his talents were so commanding and his genius so penetrating, that, in fact, he was a divine perfection of a man. We could forgive all this, and much more, were we sure that Tremaine was written, as one of the reports states, by the son of the murdered minister; but truth compels us to state that, however amiable Mr. Perceval might be in private life, as a statesman, his talents were mediocre, and his system of policy piddling and undecisive. A more striking proof of this could not be adduced than his frittering away our resources in the war in Spain, which became successful and triumphant from the moment of his melancholy death. But it may be said, Mr. Perceval was not minister for foreign affairs, and was only one in the cabinet; this is true, but

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we at least know the means by which he gained his authority, and what a despotic sway he held over his colleagues, bearding even royalty itself, and acting with as much assurance as if every department of the state centered in himself.

Every-Day Occurrences. 2 vols. pp. 489. London, 1825. C. Knight.

THIS is a very light and agreeable novel, in which, if there is nothing to astonish, there is much to amuse the reader. It embraces a considerable range and diversity of character. We have a sentimental young lady, just escaped from the boarding-school, a pedantic doctor; a fickle curiosity-hunting, sporting, country gentleman; a very vulgar lady, a Mrs. Bloxam; a few hunting squires, ladies, lords, and the lord knows what besides. Little importance appears to be attached to the story by the author, who wishes his work to be considered only as a portfolio, in which he has deposited the sketches of common life he has made; and highly graphic sketches some of them are. Of all the characters, we have been most amused with Mrs. Bloxam, who may be considered as the Mrs. Ramsbottom of the novel; a scene in which she figures, we must quote:—

“Soon after breakfast the following morning, a bustle was heard in the little hall of the parsonage, while a shrill voice exclaimed to the footman, ‘Never mind, Jeemes, I know I’m hearily, but they’le hadmit me;’ when, redder than a full-blown peony, in sailed Mrs. Bloxam.

“Mrs. B., while Suky Dawson, had for some time presided over the culinary concerns of Mr. Bloxam; when Cupid, that best of marksmen, who can take aim as well from the ambush of a meat-screen as an opera-box, discharged an arrow plump at the heart of the hitherto unconquered old bachelor. On a sudden, he began to think that a well-turned arm was seen to as much advantage in setting on a saucepan as in handling a harp, and that a pair of black eyes beamed as brightly in a mob cap as a mob at a London rout. From his cook she shortly became his consort; she was handsome and good-humoured; she pleased his palate, and soothed his temper; nor did he ever, for a moment, repent having raised her from the dripping-pan to the drawing-room.

“Good morning, good folks,” said the portly matron, “well, ere I ham, as full of news as the County Crocodile. Not a harm-chair, I thank you, I’m so ot.”

“I am sure,” said Mrs. Burleigh, “whatever your news may be, I may venture to offer my congratulations, for your eyes tell me the intelligence is very satisfactory.”

“Well, then,” returned Mrs. Bloxam, “my heyes don’t tell no huntruths. Well, then, you must know, my heldest ope, Haugustus, is returned from Hingea, hand I’m come to hask for the pleasure of hall your companies to dinner, on Tuesday next, to celebrate is return. I could not postpone it to a hearlier day, hon haccount of hother harrangements.”

An assenting bow from the assembled

party announced their acceptance of the invitation.

“Matilda,” resumed Mrs. Bloxam, “wished hit to be a sort of rustic feet in the ayfield; but I told er, in my funny way, that has the weather was so hinvariable, perhaps there might be wet feet, he! he! he!”

Jane expressed regret that the Misses Bloxam had not accompanied their mama.

“Oh! bless you,” replied Mrs. B., “I left them hat their studies; they never hallow themselves a mouthful of hair before two o’clock.”

“They must be very accomplished,” said Laura.

“They are never hidle, Miss. I left the heldest at her horgan, practising Waters of Helle; Helinor making a moddle of an Erclnes from the hantique; and Matilda, with her joggrify master, hascertaining the latitude between the Catgut and Cape Pattypan.”

“Geography,” said George, with a suppressed laugh, “is a most fascinating science.”

“Yes, sir,” replied she, “but I wish it was made more genteel. I ate to ear my girls talking habout *Moll Davia* and *Bess Arabia*; hit sounds so low.”

“You are fortunate in your family, madam,” said Dr. Burleigh.

“Very much so, hindeed, doctor; Mr. Mudge compares me to Cornelian, the mother of the Blacki, in the Grecian istory. Well, *bon repos*, as Helinor says. I’ve an undred places to call at. Pray don’t stir, I can find my way hout; my clogs, hif you please, Jeemes; alf past five to a hinstant. Good bye. Bless me, ow black it looks; I wish I’d brought my humbrella. I don’t mind the walk a bit; I’m grown quite a predestinarian.”

This lady exasperates the h, as Mathews has it in one of his amusing characters, with a vengeance. The character of the young lady, who expected to find Philomels and Corydons at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from town, is also well drawn. This young lady, walking out met a shepherd, with his crook: ‘Youth,’ said she, ‘why have you not your pipe with you?’ ‘Bekase, ma’am,’ answered the fellow, ‘I hant got no baccce.’ Oh! the wretch; we think we hear our readers say, but we, leave them to deal with Hodge as they please, when they read *Every-Day Occurrences*, which we recommend to everybody.

The Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon. By DR. F. AN TOMMARCHI, his Physician. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 702. London, 1825. Colburn.

WE confess we are not sufficiently versed in the art, science, or craft of craniology, to know whether there is a bump indicative of the faculty of amplification; but, if there is, Dr. Antommarchi must have it in a most extraordinary degree, since he has contrived to make a couple of 8vo. volumes out of materials which were scarcely worth collecting, much less printing, and which might easily have been given in a half-crown pamphlet,—at least, all that was worth giving; for the slip-slop silly gossip which he puts into

the mouth of Napoleon, must either have been said when the ex-emperor was half asleep, or when he was in some degree dementated.

We know not what Dr. Antommarchi means by last moments. Certainly, when we took up the work, we thought Bonaparte must have talked in his last moments as rapidly as he marched when in the zenith of his glory. We soon found, however, that the personal history of the worthy doctor forms no inconsiderable share of these volumes. Dr. Antommarchi was sent out by the Bonaparte family to attend Napoleon. He sailed from Gravesend in July, 1819, in the ship *Snipe*, which he describes as of very inferior description, and leaning all on one side, so that ‘the passengers had no space in which to move.’ The doctor next complains of the incivility of the captain, and the insufficiency of provisions. Fortunately, however, for the doctor, he suffered much by sea-sickness, ‘therefore, cared little about living on short commons.’

Dr. Antommarchi evidently set out with a determination to find fault with everything, and therefore we are not surprised at his dissatisfaction when he reached St. Helena, where, God knows, the agents of our ministers played sad antics with their authority. These, however, have sometimes been exaggerated. If we mistake not, one great accusation made against Sir Hudson Lowe by Dr. O’Meara was, that he refused Napoleon the use of newspapers, and particularly the *Morning Chronicle*. Now it so happens, that, on Dr. Antommarchi’s arrival at St. Helena, he found Napoleon reading that very paper, having ‘just received newspapers from London.’

Bonaparte does not at first appear to have given the doctor a good reception, thinking he was rather an anatomist than a physician. He was, however, received as surgeon, with a salary of 9000 francs a year. The doctor was a Corsican; and, although he and his family were quite unknown to Napoleon, yet he gives us the following colloquy between them:—

‘Napoleon.—“If I had known your mother I should have left Macinajo, and landed at Morsiglia.”

‘Doctor.—“At Centuri?”

‘Napoleon.—“Right, at Centuri; there is no port at Morsiglia. Is your mother still alive?”

‘Doctor.—“No, Sire; she died when I was yet in infancy.”

‘Napoleon.—“Was she pretty, graceful, bewitching?”

‘Doctor.—“She was a pretty woman, and an excellent mother.”

‘Napoleon.—“Just the thing. Oh! I should certainly have landed at Centuri, and should have gone to Morsiglia to pay my court to an amiable *capo Corsina*, to Madame Antommarchi.”

This is really sad trash to be put into a book of this price; and yet the work abounds with such idle and silly gossip. When, however, Napoleon gets on the subject of his military glory, he talks rationally, and gives some interesting details of his battles and

victories. In one of their conversations Napoleon said,—

'In all battles a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel disposed to fly. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them: the great art is to give rise to the opportunity, and to invent the pretence.

'At Arcole I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen; I seized that moment of lassitude in the two armies; I perceived that the Austrians, although old soldiers, would not have been sorry to be in their camp; and that our Frenchmen, however brave, wished themselves under their tents. The whole of my forces had been engaged. I had been obliged to re-form them in order of battle several times, and had only twenty-five guides left. These I sent on the flank of the enemy, with three trumpets sounding the charge. A general cry was heard throughout the Austrian ranks of '*Here is the French cavalry!*' and they fled. It is true that the proper moment must be seized: one minute sooner or later that attempt would have proved useless, even though I had sent two thousand horse; for the infantry would have made a conversion covered by its artillery, and opened its fire, and the cavalry would not even have attacked.

'You thus see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavour to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage.'

Dr. Antommarchi had carried to Napoleon his unpublished correspondence with his generals in Egypt, from which many interesting but somewhat incorrect extracts are made. Indeed the whole work is a singular and incongruous mixture of Napoleon's recollections of his infancy, military exploits, complaints of his treatment, conversations about the state of his health, medicines, &c. On all occasions in which the subject was mentioned, Napoleon displayed the strongest and most sincere attachment to Maria Louisa, and affection for his boy:—

'He took pleasure in retracing numberless details and circumstances which proved the tender affection he felt for Maria Louisa.—"Her *accouchement* was extremely painful, and I may say that it is in a great measure to my care that she owes her existence. I was reposing in an adjoining closet, when Dubois ran to inform me of her danger. He was alarmed: the child presented itself in a wrong position; he knew not what to do. I endeavoured to quiet him, and asked him if he had never met with similar cases in the course of his practice.—"Yes, certainly," replied he; "but they occur once in a thousand times, and is it not dreadful for me that such an extraordinary occurrence should happen to the empress?"—"Forget her rank, and treat her like a shopkeeper of the *Rue St. Denis*; I ask nothing more of you."—"But may I use instruments? and, if further accidents happen, which am I to save, the mother or the child?"—"The mo-

ther: it is her right!" I then went to Maria Louisa: I quieted her, and supported her; she was delivered, and the child lived. Unfortunate being!" Napoleon stopped: I respected his silence, and withdrew.'

Perhaps the most interesting part of the work is that which really relates to the last moments of Napoleon, when a mind which the greatest reverse of fortune ever experienced by a human being could not subdue, began to yield to sickness and disease. The progress of his disorder is very circumstantially traced by Dr. Antommarchi. On the 2d of April, he says,—

'At seven, some of the servants brought in a report that they had seen a comet towards the east. "A comet," exclaimed Napoleon, with emotion, "that was the sign precursor of the death of Caesar." I came in in the midst of the agitation into which this report had thrown him. "You have seen, doctor?" . . .—"No, Sire, nothing." "How so, the comet?"—"There is no comet to be seen." "It has been observed."—"That is a mistake: I have looked at the sky for a length of time without being able to discover anything of the kind." "Labour lost, doctor; I am at the end of my career, everything tells me so; you alone persist in concealing the fact from me: but to what purpose? why should I deceive myself? I am, however, wrong to complain. You are attached to me, and wish to save me the agony of knowing my fate: I feel grateful for your intention.'

On another occasion he sent for the Abbé Vignali:—

"Abbé," said he, "do you know what a *chambre ardente** is?"—"Yes, Sire." "Have you ever officiated in one?"—"Never, Sire." "Well, you shall officiate in mine." He then entered into the most minute detail on that subject, and gave the priest his instructions at considerable length. His face was animated and convulsive, and I was following with uneasiness the contraction of his features, when he observed in mine I know not what expression which displeased him. "You are above those weaknesses," said he, "but what is to be done? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not everybody who can be an Atheist." Then turning again to the priest—"I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil the duties prescribed by the Catholic religion, and receive the assistance it administers. You will say mass every day in the chapel, and will expose the holy sacrament during forty hours. After my death, you will place your altar at my head in the room in which I shall lie in state. You will continue to say mass, and perform all the customary ceremonies, and will not cease to do so until I am under ground."

The closing scene of Napoleon's eventful life was now rapidly approaching. On the 5th of May, 1821, the children of Madame Bertrand were admitted to take a last farewell of their benefactor. His faithful ser-

vant, Noverraz, though very ill himself, could not be detained from seeing his master:—

'The poor fellow, weakened by forty-eight days' sufferings of an acute hepatitis, accompanied by synocha, was scarcely beginning to be convalescent; but, having heard of the dangerous state in which the emperor was, he had caused himself to be brought down, and entered the apartment, bathed in tears, to see once more a master whom he had served so many years. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to withdraw, but his emotion increased as I spoke to him. He fancied that the emperor was threatened, and was calling him to his assistance, and he would not leave him, but would fight and die for him. He was quite light-headed: I flattered his zeal, succeeded in calming him, and returned to the patient.'

At six o'clock in the evening of that day Napoleon expired.—To this narrative Dr. Antommarchi has added the will of Napoleon, and some other documents. Those who have in their library the journals of Las Cases and Montholon will probably add Dr. Antommarchi's work to them; but we must repeat that the narrative should not have been extended by inserting uninteresting and trivial details.

The Destroying Angel; a Fragment: The Captive Boy; and other Poems. By WILLIAM FLEMING. 8vo. pp. 27. London, 1825.

THE author of this little work is by no means destitute of poetical talent, though not certainly of the highest order. The principal poem possesses merit, and some of the minor pieces are pretty.

Universal Stenography; or, a New, Easy, and Practical System of Short-Hand. By WILLIAM HARDING, Teacher of the Art. THIS is a second edition of a very clever manual of short-hand, of which we have already spoken favourably. The rules are brief and explicit, and the present edition is considerably improved. The author has added the alphabet suggested by the late Mr. Blair, the surgeon, a gentleman, who, to our knowledge, devoted much attention to the subject of stenography, and was the author of the elaborate article on cipher, in Rees's Cyclopædia. Mr. Harding's Stenography is calculated for private tuition as well as schools.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

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1. *Catecismo de Historia de los Imperios Antiguos.* 18mo. pp. 223.
2. *Catecismo de Historia de Grecia.* 18mo. pp. 225.
3. *Catecismo de Historia Romano.* 18mo. pp. 205.
4. *Catecismo de Moral.* D. JOAQUIN LORENZO VILLANEVA. 18mo. pp. 96.
5. *Catecismo de Geografia o Introduccion al Conocimiento del Mundo, y de sus Habitantes.* 18mo. pp. 93.
6. *Catecismo de Agricultura.* 18mo. pp. 101.
7. *Catecismo de Industria Rural y Domestica.* 18mo. pp. 102.

* A room in which dead bodies lie in state.

8. *Catecismo de Quimica*. 18mo. pp. 114. 1825. Ackermann.

GREAT BRITAIN has formally recognised three of the South American republics, and virtually the whole of them by commercial intercourse; it therefore becomes our duty, as well as our interest, to promote, as far as is in our power, a diffusion of knowledge among them. In proportion as they advance in civilization and refinement, will the demand for our manufactures be increased, to say nothing of the principle which ought never to be lost sight of, that of promoting the extension of those arts which so essentially contribute to the glory of nations. The more we enlighten the inhabitants of the New World, the more shall we advance their prosperity, and increase the demand for those luxuries of polished life, which we can so well supply; indeed, having, as it were, taken them under our protection, they have a sort of claim on us, as a foster-father to attend to their advancement in life.

Although as to the best system of education some difference of opinion may exist, yet there is no doubt that we are far, very far in advance of the rest of the world, and that the interrogative system possesses innumerable advantages.

On this plan a series of very excellent elementary works has been published by Pinnock and Maunder and other booksellers, which have received the stamp of approbation by a sale not less extensive than merited. On this plan the eight elementary treatises, which grace the head of this article, have been constructed. They are admirably adapted for the purpose of teaching the several subjects of which they treat, whether of history, science, the arts, &c.

The first volume contains an excellent epitome of ancient history, from the earliest period to within little more than a century of the birth of our Saviour, when Macedonia became a Roman province. The next contains a history of Greece—a country which, from its present glorious struggle, as well as from the classical recollections with which it is associated, must ever excite a deep interest in every quarter of the globe. The third little volume is the History of Rome, from its foundation to the death of Constantine. The fourth volume in our arrangement (which is arbitrary) treats of ethics. The fifth is devoted to geography, and gives a brief but correct account of the several known countries of the globe, including a map of the world. The next volume is a catechism of agriculture—one of Nature's arts, and her first, but which has derived much valuable improvement from science and experience. The *Catecismo de Industria Rural y Domestica* contains very numerous formula, very essential in domestic life, as to cookery, confectionery, &c. calculated especially for the inhabitants of South America. The last, but not the least important work in our list, is the Catechism of Chemistry, with an engraving of chemical apparatus and utensils.

We have not dwelt on each of these several elementary works, because we have found them all well adapted to the purpose of instruction, and we put it to the good sense of

the directors and subscribers of the South American companies, formed and forming in this country, whether they would not contribute more to advance the civilization of South America, by facilitating the diffusion of knowledge, by means of works such as we have noticed, than by other projects; and whether such an extension of civilization would not contribute more to the success and profit of their adventure, than any other schemes they can devise. We ought to add that the young student in Spanish may facilitate his acquisition of that language, and at the same time acquire much useful knowledge, by the means of these works.

ORIGINAL.

ON ASSURANCE.

WHEN I remember how I have seen men of real merit outstripped by persons not only every way their inferiors, but without a single qualification to recommend them, I cannot help thinking that a ready assurance is one of the most useful articles a man can carry about with him. A friend in the pocket is undoubtedly serviceable, but, unluckily, every demand upon its friendship lessens its power of befriending, whereas impudence is a quality that increases by employment, and is even strengthened by defeat. Nay, like the purse of the fabled Fortunatus, its supplies are inexhaustible, and that man is possessed of perpetual ways and means, whose confident invention enables him to speculate skilfully on the weakness or wickedness of mankind.

The most perfect impudence is of that sort which operates insensibly, and is commonly termed a gentlemanly assurance, enabling a man to be insolent without appearing so, and to conceal his effrontery by an appearance of openness, simplicity, or freedom. Of this sustained confidence, there are several eminent plebeian examples; but, as a general quality, it is principally confined to the aristocracy. The members of this ancient, though not venerable, body, can fleece an equal or cheat an inferior with complete vocational facility, propose prostitution to a woman with greater ease than a plebeian could offer matrimony, and ruin a friend, or seduce his wife, with all the unconcern of habit. Yet, however superior this sort may be, plain downright impudence is not to be despised: not only have many, by its assistance, risen to eminence, but there are numbers at present, in this vast metropolis, who gain a very comfortable livelihood by dint of this quality alone, and whose face, in the words of the song, may be truly said to be their fortune.

To point out the various situations where assurance is useful, the callings in which it is necessary, or the professions in which it is indispensable, would embrace the whole circle of civilized life. To describe its different appearances is beyond my power, and might require the pens of some of its professors, whilst to give directions for its exercise are surely unnecessary, when so many are figuring on the stage of life who exemplify its rules so well; but there are two situations in

a private path where this quality is peculiarly serviceable,—one, in getting acquaintances and making them useful when they are obtained; the other, in keeping up a family connection with one's rich relations.

It is needless to inform the poor that acquired friends are very often kinder than their own kindred, who (putting services out of the question) not unfrequently seem ashamed of their acquaintance, especially if they intrude when they have other company. Their behaviour is unceremonious, without heartiness; their civilities, to speak paradoxically, are rude; their familiarity is generally insulting; and their 'always happy to see you,' at parting, is a lip invitation and a lie. On these subjects I have probably not succeeded in clearly conveying my ideas, and I had better, like other bad illustrators, explain my meaning by an example.

Charles and Ned were cousins, and both left orphans at an early age, dependent upon the kindness of their relations for any support beyond a bare subsistence. The former was a medical student, the latter a limb, or rather a finger, of the law. Charles was a youth of good abilities, sensitive, retiring, and very proud, though it never appeared in its own shape, but took sometimes the garb of modesty, sometimes of politeness, and sometimes of humility. Conscious of his talents, he expected to be noticed merely for possessing them, and to be courted for that of which the germ had scarcely appeared, without reflecting that the majority value genius for the reputation which accompanies it, and measure desert by success. Though not what is commonly understood by the term modest, his delicacy, taste, or pride, or probably a mixture of the three, which we want a word to express, disabled him from shining in that ladies' prattle which dubs its possessor a 'nice young man,' and the same cause prevented him from excelling his cousin as a flatterer. He also allowed his feelings to get the better of his prudence, and paid more heartfelt attention to handsome visitors than to the daughters of the house; and, although he did his best to laugh at the stories of his host, or the nursery narratives of his hostess, it was generally too forced to give satisfaction. Ashamed to beg, either directly or indirectly, he struggled hard, with his scanty pittance, to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, without applying to his kindred for assistance; and it will readily be believed that they never thwarted him in this laudable plan. Those, says the vulgar adage, who will do, may: the man who prefers struggling with poverty to soliciting favours may struggle on. His relations either totally forget him, or silently applaud his patience, but reserve their substantial favours for those who are not ashamed of displaying their wants and demanding relief. To return, however, to Charles and his peculiarities, he had a bad habit of asking people to give reasons for their opinions, which was far from making him friends amongst that numerous class of persons who take their notions upon trust; he would often introduce topics above the comprehension of the company, and, though not violently addicted to argument, he was

sometimes foolish enough to confute his host, or, even when he declined disputing (as he generally did), he preserved and avowed his principles by an unconsenting silence.

Ned had less talent than his cousin, but, what was more useful, he was unburdened with any kind of delicacy. His pride, too, was of that accommodating species, which never stands in its owner's light, being always ready to render to the great the homage it exacts from the little; but the greatest advantages he possessed was a confident self-possession, a power of face, and a ready willingness to receive favours. Whoever asked him once, had no need to repeat the invitation, and wherever he went he was generally welcome a second time; a desirable end, that was chiefly effected by flattery, for which art Ned was happily qualified by his assurance, that enabled him to lie glibly, and, if requisite, bespatter with praise. His compliments, it is true, were often gross, and sometimes fulsome; but his auditors were generally leniently disposed, praise being, even when offensive, an offence which is readily forgiven. He could also listen with the profoundest attention to that most irksome class of stories, a tale of Master John or Miss Charlotte, and frame his face to the expression of laughter, wonder, or applause. In addition to this, he was a perfect connoisseur in the hanging of window-curtains, the patterns of carpets, and the fittings-up of rooms; knew to a nicety the arrangement of a table, or the management of a party; and, by a curious coincidence of circumstances, these things were always the most perfect in the house where he happened to be. It was another of his rules never to dispute with his host, or any of his friends whom he thought might be useful, and, when discussing the merits of wine, he generally considered that the best which he had before him. Being unshackled, too, by party or theological tenets, he was never placed in the awkward situation of deciding between his interest and his principles, but could drink the sovereign or the sovereign people, fast (upon fish) with a Catholic, forswear pork at a Jew's, cry amen with upturned eye to a Methodist's thanksgiving, or say grace with any parasitical parson in the country.

There are persons in the world who would rather want than ask a favour, but Ned had no sullen independence of this sort about his character; for he justly argued that, even if refused, he was in no worse condition than before. Now, many good-natured persons never volunteer their services, either from a habit of negligence or a want of thought, who are yet ready enough to assist you when requested, whilst others may be teased into that which they have naturally no desire to perform; and with either of these parties Ned was certain of success. At the same time, I must do justice to his placability when refused. He neither railed at the party nor cut their acquaintance, thinking that, if they declined being useful in his way, they must be so in their own, and holding that man as little better than a fool who lost a dinner for a punctilio.

Ned used to consider it a peculiar blessing

that his parents had left him partially dependent on his relatives, without assigning him to any one in particular, as by this means he had a claim upon them all. Whenever he wanted either clothes or money, he put on a suit sufficiently shabby to touch their pride, yet brushed and clean, as if worn with care. No one could beg by innuendo better than Ned. He would lament how rapidly money flew when you had everything to purchase yourself, bewail the fate that made him a lawyer without giving him the means to appear like a gentleman, and declare that parchment and papers were greater destroyers of clothes than anything he could name.

If these hints were unsuccessful, as was sometimes the case, he would request the loan of four or five pounds for a coat, which could neither be decently refused or granted other than as a gift, so that, if dress and liquors be at all analogous, Ned not only drank the best wine, but wore the best clothes.

The reader need hardly be told which of the cousins was the most successful. On the expiration of his articles, Ned was in possession of some money and an extensive acquaintance; by their united assistance, he procured a clerkship in an established house, which shortly ended in a partnership. A few years afterwards, he married the daughter of a gentleman of property, and, with this addition to his fortune and connection, soon became a man of consequence, and is now an *eminent solicitor*, keeps a splendid establishment in town, with a villa in the country, and talks of shortly purchasing a close borough and going into Parliament.

Charles, whose income was barely sufficient for his daily expenditure, found himself as poor when his indentures expired as when they were signed. Fearful of contracting debts by remaining inactive, whilst he established a connection or inquired for a better situation, he continued with his master as an assistant, and wore out the best years of his life at a trifling salary. On Mr. ———'s retirement, the business was sold to a stranger, for he had not money enough to purchase it himself, and, having been refused assistance by one of his relations, he had not sufficient confidence to make other applications. He then opened a petty shop in the neighbourhood, but Charles was too modest, perhaps too honourable, for a trading surgeon: he could neither force his medicines nor forestall the patients of his late master; and his talents are buried in poverty and obscurity, for want of a pliability of temper and a modest assurance.

NOTER.

LETTER FROM MRS. BELZONI.—THE EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

28, Leicester Square, April 5th, 1825.

SIR,—In your account of Mr. Soane's late Soirée, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, you have given a description of that gentleman's house, from the 'Illustrations of London,' by Messrs. Britton and Pugin. The account there given of the sale of the sarcophagus has perfectly astonished me. That it has been sold by the agent of Mr. Salt is undoubtedly true; but

no agent of Mr. Belzoni sanctioned that sale, nor have I, as is the general opinion, derived from it any benefit whatever.

As you have, through the medium of your columns, extended the publicity of this misstatement, I appeal to your candour to set the matter in its true light; the assertion of my participating in that sale being of a tendency to injure me most seriously.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

S. BELZONI.

[We give this letter immediate insertion, and should feel sorry indeed if any article in *The Literary Chronicle* could, by the most remote possibility, injure one who has such a strong claim on public sympathy and public patronage as Mrs. Belzoni.—Ed.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOPE.

COME, thou gift of heav'nly nature,
Lend thine aerial form to me;
Teach me well to meet the future,
Or scenes of joy or misery.

Ev'ry ill that man can suffer,
'Tis thou alone canst heal the pain;
Who would not wish new ills t' offer,
If but to greet thee once again?

Whence the mother's fond endearment?
Why watch, with joy, her nurtur'd son?
Oh, 'tis the spring of thy allurements,
That leadeth on to bliss unknown.

Whence the lover's term of tremor?
Whence the sad desponding mind?
But now he clings to idle rumour,
But now she cannot be unkind.

Hope alone adds firmer vigour,
Still urges him to seek her more;
And, though she marries with another,
Ev'n then the contest is not o'er.

What makes the poor man suffer want,
Who knows not where to seek supply,
Would he support life's covenant,
But Hope still points to Him on High?

What supports in pain and sickness
Ills which man is doomed to bear?
Is't not Hope that props up weakness,
And bids him never know despair?

Whence the Christian's resignation,
When Death attacks, to claim its slave?
Is't not Faith, through Christ's salvation,
That carries Hope beyond the grave?

Hoxton Square.

S. K.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

WILD was the wind that whirl'd the wave,
And roar'd around the smuggler's cave;
And dark and drear the night cloud then
Gathered o'er the gloomy glen.

Bright was the flash that spread the sky,
And loud the peal that roll'd on high,
While tumbling torrents rush'd along,
And roar'd the craggy rocks among.

Pale was the cheek of her who sate,
And watched the wounded smuggler's fate,
For short and burden'd was his breath,
And o'er him hung the dart of death.

Deep was the groan the smuggler gave,
Hearing the tempest round him rave,
And, struggling hard, he seem'd to say,—
O, pray for him that cannot pray!

Short was the broken pray'r she made,
For scarce breath'd he for whom she pray'd,
And, when his eyeballs upward start,
A secret horror chill'd her heart.

Sad was the thought that seiz'd her soul,
When thrice she heard a death-bell toll,
And, from a crag, where billows broke,
Thrice she heard the raven croak.

Shrill was the shriek that pierc'd the main,
When phrenzy fasten'd on her brain,
As, rushing from the dismal dell,
She wander'd on, her woes to tell.

Now, on a dark and stormy night,
She'll hurry to the rocky height,
And, ask'd the cause that makes her rave,
She'll point towards the Smuggler's Cave.

JESSE HAMMOND.

FINE ARTS.

THE MYRIANTHEA.

THE public is indebted to Mr. Burgis for this very elegant and instructive source of amusement. It consists of numberless groups of changeable flowers, intended to teach, by means the most ready and easy, the art of composing, drawing, and colouring groups of flowers. As the pieces are moveable and very numerous, and include specimens of almost the whole garden of Flora, the combinations that may be formed are beyond all calculation.

The *Myrianthea* and its accompanying description not only teach the young how to draw and colour flowers after nature, but how to compose groups of infinite variety; as bouquets for card-racks, hand-screens, vases, baskets, &c. The flowers are beautifully coloured, and we recommend the *Myrianthea* as an elegant present and amusement for the fair sex, while those who wish to learn as well as to be amused may gain much instruction in the elegant accomplishment of flower-painting.

PANORAMA OF EDINBURGH.

THIS view of the northern metropolis is one of the most interesting and picturesque that has been exhibited for many years, and conveys a clearer idea of the exceedingly romantic position of the city and of the surrounding country than an entire series of single views. Standing on the Calton Hill, just below Nelson's Monument, and turning with his back to that structure, the spectator has immediately beneath him the full extent of Princes Street, looking down on Waterloo Place; beyond which is seen the dome of the Register Office, and further, on the opposite side of the street, at the end of the North Mound, the Doric portico of the newly-erected building for the Royal Society and Society of Antiquaries. To the right of the Register Office rises the Melville Monument, a noble column, one hundred and thirty six feet high; beyond which, in the distance, is seen the spire of St. Andrew's and the dome of St. George's Church. Turning to the right, the eye embraces a fine extended view, overlooking the Observatory and the intervening country to the Frith of Forth, with the island of Inchkeith and the opposite shores. This part of the picture is particularly finely painted, and conveys as deceptive a representation

of extent and space as we ever saw produced by the pencil. And this view of the blue waters of the Forth, over the town of Leith, justifies the panegyric tone in which the situation of the Northern Athens has been described. On the opposite side, the towering forms of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs present features of peculiar grandeur, and such as are to be met with perhaps in the vicinity of no other city. It is not, indeed, easy to conceive a subject better adapted for panoramic representation than Edinburgh, where inequality of ground, lofty ridges of hill and rock, and noble buildings, and the distant sea, combine to present the most piquant and characteristic elements of landscape and architectural scenery. And all these are beautifully and naturally delineated, whether we regard drawing, perspective, or colouring. Every object is rendered with a truth absolutely illusive, and the longer the spectator gazes the more he is convinced of the ability of the artist and the merit of the picture. Whether taken as a whole or in parts, it is equally captivating. In fact, many of the detached portions would form perfect pictures, such as an artist might transfer at once to his canvass, as if he were sketching from the objects themselves. And many even of the groups of figures, which are mere accessories to the scene, would form admirable pictures if detached; this is particularly the case with that of a party engaged in a game of golf, or some similar sport. The only fault we are inclined to find with Messrs. Burford, is, that we are pounded in on a little space of the Calton Hill, and not permitted to walk up Prince's Street, that lies so invitingly before us; to explore the interior of the town, or else to climb up those beautiful sunny crags, clothed with such soft and delicate tints of rock and verdure. But, as this is a defect beyond even the potency of their magic to remove, it must even be endured with what patience we may.

While we have still our pen in our hand, let us be permitted to express a wish that, ere long, some able artist will give us a complete series of views of the principal architectural objects in Edinburgh; for, strange to say, such a work still remains, most unaccountably, a desideratum. With the exception of Storer's Views, which are any thing but satisfactory, and of which it is difficult to say whether they were made to tack to the book, or the book written to tack to them, we are not aware that any work of the kind is yet in existence. And yet there are surely some very interesting, and certainly not hackneyed, subjects for the pencil, both of the landscape and architectural draftsman.

Milton's Paradise Lost. Illustrated by JOHN MARTIN, Esq. Part I. Imperial 8vo. Prowett.

MR. PROWETT is one of the most enterprising young publishers in London, and the public is already indebted to him for some excellent works on the fine arts, to which he is now going to add an edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, illustrated with twenty-four engravings, designed and executed in mezzo-

tinto by Mr. Martin, whose genius and studies are so peculiarly suited to the task. The painter of *Belshazzar's Feast*, the *Seventh Plague*, exhibited last year in the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, and the splendid picture of the *Creation* in the same exhibition for the present year, might well be selected for the task, bold as it is, of embodying the sublime and preternatural imagery of Milton, and representing those scenes which the poet has so powerfully described.

The first part of the work has just appeared, and contains two engravings; but it is, we think, injudiciously unaccompanied by any prospectus or account of the plan of the work. This we are left to seek elsewhere, and find that two editions will be published, in imperial quarto and imperial octavo; and each edition will contain twenty-four engravings.

'It is a circumstance which cannot fail to be highly appreciated by the connoisseur, that Mr. Martin, by a rare effort of art, has wholly composed and designed his subjects on the plates themselves; the engravings therefore possess, as originals, the charm of being the first conceptions of the artist, and have all the spirit and finish of the painter's touch.' We are not so certain that this is an advantage, though it is certainly a curiosity. The two engravings in the first part are the Fall of the Angels, and Satan rousing them after their Fall. In the front the gigantic forms of the fallen are seen hurled headlong to perdition, pursued by the avenging fire of heaven, which sheds a fine light over a scene of utter darkness. Satan casts a look of mixed defiance and disappointment on that height from whence he is so rapidly descending, interposing his shield, as if to avert some new storm that threatens him. In the next engraving, Satan appears standing on the brink of a projecting promontory, in that gulf into which he has been cast, haranguing his rebellious coadjutors in a voice so loud,—

—'That all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

This engraving is taken from that part of the first book in which he calls on them to rally, in that well-known speech, commencing 'princes, potentates, &c., and ending with the well-known, and often-quoted line, 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!' There is a degree of awful grandeur and sublimity in both the engravings, and the effect is very striking; but we shall reserve further remark until some of the other parts appear. Mr. Prowett pledges himself to the correctness of the text; and the work, which is altogether well got up, will be a splendid edition of a poem which has tended so much to raise the literary glory of this country.

A beautiful *Claude Lorraine*, which had been covered with a thick crust of dust and varnish, so as to be quite undistinguishable, was lately discovered on removing the furniture from the old *Hotel de Finances* at Paris to the new apartments in the Rue de Rivoli. This picture after having been cleaned and restored under the care of Count Forbin, was found to be a beautiful landscape in Claude's

best manner, and has in consequence been placed in the gallery of the Louvre: it is valued at 2,000 guineas.

Four magnificent vases, the production of W. Van Mieris, and considered as his chief-d'œuvres, have lately been imported into this country. They formerly ornamented the library of the late MEERMAN, at the Hague, after whose death so many valuable curiosities in literature and the arts were sold in 1824. The vases were modelled in 1702-3-4, as the Hague Catalogue observes, 'Comme un hommage de sa reconnaissance envers M. P. DE LA COURT, à Leyde, ayeul du feu M. J. MEERMAN.' They are composed of a mixed metal, and stand on pedestals of *pietre de taille*. The exteriors represent, in *basso relievo*, scenery and grouping, of the most elaborate and admirable workmanship, corresponding with the four seasons of the year. They are spoken of in the highest terms in the *Dict. Hist.* of HOOGSTRATEN, and in the *Vie des Peintres* of VAN GOOL; and are, of the kind, in point of excellence and grandeur, said to be unequalled in England.

The present Pope, Leo. XII., ever since his accession, has laboured to increase the vast store of literature, antiquities, and arts, of which the Vatican is the receptacle. To the *Biblioteca Vaticana* he has added the Cavaliere Cicognara's collection of books, amounting to 5,000. He has formed a Cabinet of Mosaics. He has caused some hundreds of inscriptions on ancient marbles to be systematically arranged. In the Borgia Saloons are now to be seen seven surprisingly fine bas-reliefs, of which four came from the Forum of Trajan. Many other curiosities are only awaiting the care of Monsignore Marazzani to be arranged and exhibited to the public. Among these we may notice the collection of exquisite terra cottas, which belonged to the Prince of modern Sculptors, Canova; the ornaments of gold found last year in the Antonian baths; the large urn of bassalt from Egypt, which has been illustrated by the Chevalier Nibbey; and the two beautiful fawns found last year by Signor Vescovali, at Santa Lucca, in Selce.

Finally, the museum will be still further enriched when it receives the collection (already purchased by the papal government) of Verentine antiquities, and the noble assemblage of monuments of art, which, with a munificence truly royal, was bequeathed to the Palace of the Arts by the late Duchess of Chablaist.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Easter Monday produced a new piece at this theatre, entitled *Abon Hassan*. It is founded on the story in that delightful work and fertile source for melodrama, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and is said to have been adapted from the German by Mr. Dimond. At all events, it has the music of Weber. The original story is too well known to render it necessary we should point out where the dramatist agrees with, or differs from it. The plot of the new operatic melodrama is as follows:—

Abon Hassan (Mr. Horn), was the favourite

of the Caliph (Mr. Bedford), until he had the good or ill fortune of meeting with Zulima (Miss Graddon,) whom he makes his wife. Zulima was also in favour with the Sultanness, Zobeide (Mrs. Orger), until she entered into matrimony; for it so happened that the two potentates had an antipathy to the individual preferred by the other respectively. Abon Hassan and Zulima were consequently both outcasts, nor could their utmost endeavours restore them to the good graces of their superiors. In the extremity of want, their faithful slave, Zabouc (Mr. Harley), proposed, as the only means of obtaining support, that Abon should tell the Caliph his wife had died, while Zulima told Zobeide that she had lost her husband. The imposition succeeds; they are both taken into favour, and supplied with money; but the caliph and his wife having received two different accounts of the transaction, lay a wager upon the question, whether Abon or Zulima was the defunct person; they each send their emissaries to inquire, and Abon and Zulima exhibit as corpses alternately, according to the visitor who comes to inspect. Zabouc acts a most effective part in weeping upon each occasion, until at length the whole court come to inspect the affair, when both parties are stretched at full length to receive them. Zabouc then feigns madness to avoid explanation, but is brought to his senses by a threat of blood-letting: the same moment the reported dead are roused by a promise of reward to the person who unravels the mystery. The dead alive are then pardoned, and all are reconciled.

This is a very lively piece, containing much good music, and some excellent scenery. The dialogue is smart, and some of the jokes tell admirably. Horne, Bedford, and Miss Graddon sung extremely well the parts assigned to them. Harley was very amusing as Zabouc, and the piece was successful.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—The revived *Aladdin* was deemed sufficiently attractive at this theatre without getting up an eastern spectacle. Indeed, a holiday audience is not hard to please.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—If it be true that—

'Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
While every grin so merry pulls one out,'
Charles Mathews must have diminished considerably the bills of mortality during the last few years that he has been 'at home' at this theatre. On Easter Monday, notwithstanding the varied attractions of a cockney *spill* at the Epping hunt, a roll down the hill at Greenwich, and the scenes of love and battle at the minors—we say, notwithstanding all these, Mathews had a bumper on Monday to see him unfold his *Memorandum Book*. The audience, which was as varied as his entertainment, was highly delighted, if we may judge by those unequivocal expressions of voice and countenance, cheers and laughter.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE opened for the season on Monday, under the auspices of Mr. T. Dibdin. Three new pieces were produced, yclept *Here we are*, *Under the Rose*, and the *Foundling Prince*, all of which were

received with great applause by a crowded audience. The old custom of selling wine within the theatre has been revived, so that the gentleman who has been put on short commons at home may indulge in the double luxury of drama and drink at the same time.

SURREY THEATRE.—This theatre opened under the spirited proprietorship of Mr. Honeyman, the tavern-keeper, and under the management of Mr. Charles Dibdin, with three new pieces, entitled, *White Surrey*, *Murder and Madness*, and *Atala and Chactas, or the Loves of the Desert*: all approved, and of course repeated.

ASTLEY'S, the COBURG, and the ROYALTY all, according to the newspapers, opened with successful new pieces; but, not having been there, we cannot give particulars.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Danish Literature.—Ingemann, the popular Danish poet, whom we have before mentioned, has lately produced an epic composition, in twenty-one cantos, entitled *Valdemar den Store*, Waldemar the Great, founded on an epoch of Danish history, in the middle of the 12th century, which was remarkable not only for the civil dissensions that agitated the country, but likewise for the celebrated characters who then distinguished themselves, among whom was Saxo Grammaticus. Unfortunately, however, M. Ingemann has by no means satisfied public expectation, or done justice either to his subject and the materials it afforded, or to his own reputation: for he is not only extravagant, but, what is still more unpardonable, sometimes burlesque; and his style, too, is disfigured by a number of mean and trivial expressions and vulgar proverbs. When he represents Saxo Grammaticus as a ridiculous pedant, speaking a barbarous jargon of Latin and Danish, we are justly disgusted at the want of good taste, and at the character of buffoonery thus imparted to what should be a serious heroic poem. There are, however, some beauties and some fine passages, but these are not sufficient to constitute a good epic. Such a production is still a desideratum in the literature of Denmark, for even *Stærkoddler*, that truly beautiful poem of the late M. Pram, is a composition rather belonging to the class of the Orlando Furioso, than the regular epics of Homer and Virgil.

Syv Aar.—The Seven Years, an historical romance, in four vols. (1824), by M. Kruse, the author of several works of merit, is not only one of the best that has hitherto appeared in Denmark, where there has been a paucity of original productions of this species, but will bear a comparison with many of the most celebrated ones of the class to which it belongs, in the literature of other European nations. The subject is connected with the tragic catastrophe of Gustavus III. of Sweden; but the principal interest arises from the faithful manner in which the scenery of the country and the character of its inhabitants are delineated.

An important addition to the history of ancient music has just been finished, in the discovered *metal tablets*, of a date 709 years be

fore the Christian era, on which is engraved, in ancient Greek, an account of a Music Feast at Epyrie (Corinth), in the third year of the sixteenth Olympiad, or in the year before Christ 709, by Lasus, of Hermione.

The Crusaders, by the author of Waverley, was sold to the trade on Tuesday, and is expected to appear early in May. It is in four volumes, post 8vo. and contains two tales, The Betrothed and The Talisman.

The famous French song-writer, Beranger, has sold another volume, containing fifty-two songs, to the booksellers, Bandou and Ladvocat, for 22,000 francs.

The second volume of The Life of the late Pope Pius VII., by Signor Erasmo Pistolesi, containing the whole of the correspondence between his holiness and Bonaparte, has just issued from the Roman press.

Mr. William Sturgeon, of Woolwich, has shown that a magnetic bar, mounted freely on its axis passing through its two poles, and in this state subjected to currents of electricity, passing from its equator, or middle point towards each pole, is thereby caused to revolve on its axis.

The celebrated Goëthe has presented an address to the German Diet, to obtain from it a license to print his works, so that he may have a guarantee against pirated editions. It does not appear how the diet will be able to hinder the practice of literary piracy, which is so common in Germany.

Dr. Kyber, who accompanied Baron Wrangell and Lieut. Anjou, on their expedition to North-East Siberia, and the coasts of the Frozen Sea, in 1820-1824, declares, in the journal of St. Petersburg, that the accounts given of that expedition, in French and German journals, are false or incorrect, and promises shortly to give extracts from the official journal of the expedition.

It appears that the experiments of M. Majendie, the French physician, in physiology, are mere plagiarisms from Mr. Bell, the celebrated surgeon. It is stated, that, so far back as 1809, Mr. B. commenced his observations on the nervous system; that, in 1811, he had distributed among his friends printed copies of the conclusions to which he had then come. It also appears, that the principal experiments lately made by M. Majendie were little else than a repetition of those which had been performed, many years before, by Mr. Bell, to confirm the discoveries which he had made, by a comparison of the structure of man and animals. Indeed, it has been already proved to the medical profession, by communications made by pupils of Mr. Bell to the Journal of Science, that he had not only made these discoveries long before M. Majendie commenced his career as a physiologist, but that the latter had committed the most gross plagiarisms. One indisputable proof of plagiarism was, that Mr. Shaw, a friend of Mr. Bell, being in Paris in 1821, gave to M. Majendie, then ignorant of the discoveries, drawings and plans in illustration of them; and showed the same experiments to him and other scientific men, at Charenton (near Paris), which M. Majendie exhibited as his own, before the public of London, in 1824.

Within a short time a society has been formed at Paris, under the title of the *Religieux Hospitaliers de la Charité de l'Ordre de Saint Jean de Dieu*. The object of this society is, 'to wait on the sick in the establishments belonging to the order;' 'but,' they add, 'their attention is now particularly directed towards those who are deranged, as the most neglected and the most suffering.' They have already several establishments, and have fixed themselves at Paris, under the direction of R. P. Jean de Dieu Magallon. They receive gifts and collect alms; they go into the different houses of the capital and ask for money, and distribute their prospectuses. They say their object is to obtain possession of their ancient establishment; that formerly they possessed thirty-four hospitals in France, and they hope to recover their property. Charenton, which formerly belonged to them, is to be restored in a fortnight. Lately a collection was made for them; and the Abbé Landrieu attacked the management of our hospitals, particularly the management of lunatics. He compared the present mode of treating them with that adopted by the order of Saint Jean de Dieu, and gave the latter the preference. But what were the houses of *Charitains* before the revolution? The place for arbitrary imprisonments, the prisons of the victims of *lettres de cachet* and for the unhappy sufferers under mental derangement, and places of torment. The physicians found those who were deranged in a state of slavery and degradation unworthy the respect due to misfortune. Their chains were broken—they were raised to the dignity of men, and restored to society. To take the deranged from the care of medical men would be both barbarous and absurd; it would be taking from science one of its most noble conquests, and from humanity one of the most precious gifts it ever received.

M. Peltier.—M de Peltier, the author of several political pamphlets, has just died at the age of 55 years. Although at first professing republican principles, during the revolution, as he has himself allowed in some of his writings published in England, he soon joined himself with Champeenez and Rivarol, and in concert with them published the Acts of the Apostles, a periodical work, principally directed against the measures of the Constitutional Assembly. Obligated to quit France after the day of the 10th August, in which he asserted that he took an active part, he fled to England, where he published, with other French emigrants, several works against France, and, among others, a paper entitled *L'Ambigu*. In the short interval of the peace of Amiens, M. Peltier, instead of lowering the hostile tone that he had adopted towards the different forms of government that had succeeded one another in his native country, redoubled his former exertions, and even attacked Bonaparte, then First Consul. The latter was foolish enough to be offended at what fell from his pen, and weak enough to apply to the English cabinet for the suppression of the calumnies that had appeared against him. The answer that he received was, that it was an affair that did not come

under the cognisance of the government, and that the courts of justice were as open to him as to any other person who had to complain of the license of the press. Napoleon embraced the only course that he had, and brought an action against M. Peltier in the Court of King's Bench. It was Mr. Mackintosh, now one of the most leading members of the opposition, who undertook his defence; but, with all his eloquence, he was unable to save his client from being condemned as a libeller. The rupture of the treaty of Amiens, however, prevented the judgment from being carried into execution. Although M. Peltier published many works, he has left nothing by which he will be remembered; he had more gall than talent, and, while his death will be but little felt in the republic of letters, it will most likely save a good round pension to the royal purse.—*Le Courier Français*.

Statistics.—Recent calculations give the following as the amount of the population, and of the extent of territory, of the five principal monarchies of Europe:—

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.
Russia, in Europe - -	75,154	47,660,000
—, out of Europe -	292,339	11,714,000
England, in Europe, -	5,554	21,400,000
—, out of Europe, -	176,971	115,141,000
France, in Europe, -	10,086	30,749,000
—, out of Europe, -	667	469,000
Austria - - - -	12,265	29,691,000
Prussia, - - - -	5,014	11,400,000
Total - - - -	578,044	268,224,000

Supposing the earth's surface to be 2,512,000 square miles, and its inhabitants to amount to 938 millions, then these five monarchies occupy nearly a fourth part of the surface, and rule over two sevenths of the human race. Europe having 155,220 square miles, and a population of 206,780,000 inhabitants, the five powers possess more than two thirds of its territory and of its population. The empire of China, however, is more extensive, and more densely peopled, than all Europe. The Spanish monarchy, before its dissolution, reckoned 30 millions of people.—*Journal des Debats*.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
April 1	40	44	36	30.47	Fair.
.... 2	35	56	40	.. 44	Do.
.... 3	40	61	45	.. 34	Do.
.... 4	44	63	44	.. 27	Do.
.... 5	40	60	40	29.30	Do.
.... 6	40	55	41	30.37	Do.
.... 7	41	55	52	.. 40	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A wag once reading in an American paper an account of the marriage of Mr. Thistle, aged 18, to Mrs. Clark, a widow, aged 38, observed, if old Ben Franklin had recorded this marriage in his journal, he would probably have added some such dog-grel as follows:—

'Experience soon will tell this tender thistle, That he has paid too dearly for his whistle.'

In Connecticut, a certain justice was called to a gaol to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth £5. 'Well, Johnny,' said the justice, as he entered, 'can you swear you are not worth £5. and never will be?' 'Why,' answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, 'I can swear I'm not worth that sum at present.' 'Well, well,' resumed the justice, 'I can swear to the rest; so step forward, Johnny.'

Napoleon.—Napoleon was about to breathe his last! a slight froth covered his lips—he was no more!—such is the end of all human glory!—*Autommarchi's 'Last Days of Napoleon.'*

'Tis not the end—he will live again
In the days and years to come:
His name shall stir the hearts of men
As 'twere a battle-drum;
And kings, whose sires he had uncrown'd,
Shall shrink and tremble at the sound.
'Tis not the end—although his life
So darkly pass'd away,
Not, as it should pass, in the strife
Of some great battle-day;
Yet men shall turn from might and power,
To think upon that lonely hour.
'Tis not the end—for many an age,
The high-soul'd and the brave
Shall dare the ocean pilgrimage
To seek his silent grave;
There to forget his faults and pride,
While fancy shadows HOW HE DIED.

New Monthly Magazine.

A German Literary Lady.—Never shall I forget the first appearance, to me, of Madame De B. She was sitting or rather reclining, in the most unaffected posture, with her legs crossed, and her hands clasped behind her head, on a large sofa—an old one indeed, and crazy, but doubtlessly endeared to her by some association, perhaps with the days of her childhood; for, from its colour and dilapidations and fashion, it could scarcely be more modern. Behind her and on each side extended a floor, or rather an ocean of books, rising in volumes, like wave upon wave, tossing and tumbling, and some, as it were, foaming open and revealing their white margins. In the midst of these, like an island, stood a large old-fashioned mahogany table, covered with various articles, which I might forbear to enumerate, if it were not interesting to the sensible mind to learn even the most trifling attributes of genius. Such persons will readily forgive me that I mention a large black teapot, teacup of antique china, an ink-stand, with the owner's cipher, apparently scratched on the metal; a pair of saucers, of divers patterns; a large vial labelled 'laudanum'; a tortoise-shell watch-case, a small plate of bread crusts, and a long hair-comb; a tall wine-glass half filled with sugar of the brown description, a snuff-box, a pair of snuffers, a small miniature, a few twisted fragments of brown and blue paper, two slender candles, some small pieces of copper coin, and a single stocking, marked D. R. A. B.

Ciphers.—Lord Grenville, when he came into office as secretary of state, had some doubts respecting the certainty of deciphering. He wrote down two or three sentences in the Swedish language, and afterwards put them into such arbitrary marks or characters as his mind suggested to him. He then sent the paper to the late Dr. Willis, who returned it the next day, informing his lordship, that the characters he had sent to him formed certain words, which he had written beneath the cipher, but that he did not understand the language. Lord Grenville declared, that the words were exactly those which he had first written before he put them into cipher.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN 'Observant Recluse,' who so kindly wishes to instruct us in the law of divorce, is in error when he states that the seducer of a married woman cannot marry her in case of divorce. There is no specific law against it; although, in the private bills, Parliament has the power to make that a condition of every divorce that comes before it. An 'Observant Recluse' is further mistaken, when he says we cannot name an instance of the sort. The marriage of Sir Arthur Paget is a case in point. If our correspondent will read the work to which he alludes (which he confesses he has not seen), he will perceive that we have neither committed 'an unfortunate mistake,' nor treated the author 'unjustly.'

'Good Shooting,' 'Natural Attractions,' 'The Martyrs,' 'the Twenty-Sixth Ramble of Asmodeus,' and 'the Broken Heart, a fragment, which reached us too late for insertion this week, shall appear in our next.

'Imlah' in an early number.

'The Misanthropist' is too prosaic.

Robert Sparkle and H. shall have a place. Some reviews and continued reviews, intended for insertion this week, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

Works published since our last notice.—Thoughts in Rhyme, 8vo. 7s.—Ned Chilton, or the Commissary, 3 vols. 21s.—John Bull in America, or the New Munchausen, 7s.—Tales of the O'Hara Family, 3 vols. 30s.—Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard, 2 vols. 16s.—Drummond's Origines, or the Origin of Empires, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Common-Place Book of Epigrams, 4s.—Benson's Thelsum Lectures, vol. 2, 2nd edition, 12s.—Marianne, 3 vols. 18s.—Match between the London and Edinburgh Chess Clubs, 3s.—Joyce's Lay of Truth, 8vo. 6s.—Crutwell on Currency, 8vo. 12s.

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